CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

July 15, 1949 Ten Cents

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THE GOLDEN CITY

I Sailed in the Bismarck

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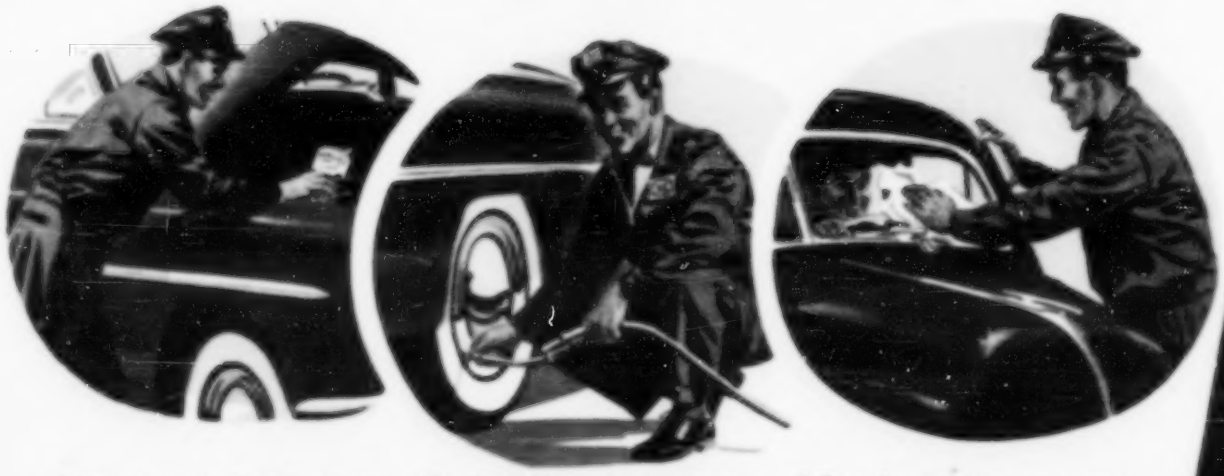

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EDITORIALS

All Parties Should Declare Their War-Chest Donations

NOW WITH an election under our belts is the time to start badgering our politicians for much needed reform of the Canadian electoral system.

A change that all parties would vehemently oppose, but one that would do great good, would be the compulsory publication of sources of campaign funds.

At the present time candidates are supposed to publish their own expenses (actually they publish less than half of them). But the donors to each party's war chest remain strictly anonymous.

A breath of clean air would be blown through Canadian politics if every Government contractor, or would-be contractor, had to publish the amount of his donation to the party.

There would, of course, be great difficulty in enforcing such a law. It's pretty hard to catch a man when the Government is conniving at his offense, and the Government already connives at an offense in the collection of campaign funds. Political donations are not legally deductible from corporation earnings for income-tax purposes.

A few years ago a high official in the Income Tax Department was asked whether his inspectors made any real attempt to detect political donations among the "operating expenses" of corporations. He answered:

"What do *you* think?"

However, even the principle would be worth a good deal—even the fact that campaign contributors would run the *risk* of exposure to the public view.

Fewer gifts with strings attached would be offered to, or accepted by, campaigning parties. Electors would be better able to observe any curious coincidences between large campaign contributions and the receipt of Government contracts.

That is not to say all campaign contributions are bad. Parties have to be financed and it is not only proper but desirable that those who believe in the doctrines of a party should help finance it.

In fact, the more people who contribute to a party's campaign chest the better, for then donations are more likely to be small and no one donor is likely to exercise undue influence.

The fewer people make "a good thing" out of party politics the healthier our democracy.

Smears Won't Make Us Safe

SPY HUNTS are getting to look more like witch hunts every day. Nobody wants to minimize the danger of having disloyal men in high office, but in subjecting loyal men to unsupported aspersions there's also danger of destroying freedom in the zeal of our efforts to save it.

One prominent American, a public servant of unblemished record, recently hit the headlines when the U. S. Army's intelligence branch ticketed him publicly as "unemployable"—not "a good loyalty risk." In the same week documents were produced at a spy trial in which an unnamed secret agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation put the slander of Communist affiliation on a whole group of famous Americans. No evidence against them was or will be adduced, no charge laid. Nothing they can do will clear their names.

Canadians shouldn't let fear trick them into this kind of thing. A healthy state takes the loyalty of most of its citizens for granted, and knows that disloyalty among the disgruntled few will always be frustrated in the end. Canada is a healthy state. This preoccupation with treason is neurotic.

Where Your Money Goes

THE Canadian Manufacturers' Association recently asked all its member companies a pointed personal question: How much money did you take in last year and what did you do with it?

More than 800 companies answered the questionnaire. Among them they employed 405,000 Canadians, sold three and one half billion dollars worth of goods and services. When that three and one half billion pie was cut up and passed out, the results were surprising.

At the head of the list was the material supplier; he got 40 cents out of every dollar. Employees came next with slightly less than 25 cents. The tax collectors, repairmen, power companies, moneylenders and so on collected another 25 cents.

When all expenses had been paid, 6.2 cents in every dollar were left as net profit. But even this last thin sliver of the corporate pie didn't go out in dividends. The 478,000 shareholders had to be satisfied with three cents. The rest was put away for reinvestment in new plant and machines or for a rainy day.

If dividends were slashed in half it would save the consumer just 1½ cents in every dollar—a one-dollar gimmick would sell for 98½ cents.

That doesn't leave much of a case for those who blame high prices on high profits.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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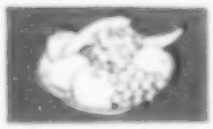
TASTY SUMMER FOODS for GOOD HEALTH

Summer meals can be both tempting and tasty, while fulfilling basic nutritional needs. Too often, however, meals are planned solely to suit family likes and dislikes without reference to the health requirements of the individuals in the family group.

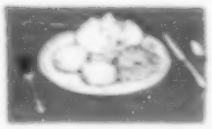
Summer or winter we require a well-balanced diet — one which includes an adequate supply of proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins and minerals. These essentials for sound nutrition may be found in three groups of foods. *Energy foods*, such as cereals and bread, butter and fats, and sweets, provide fuel for daily activities. *Building foods*, including meat, fish, eggs, milk and fruits, help to take care of growth and repair of body tissues. *Protective foods*, like fruits, vegetables, whole grain or enriched flour, eggs, and liver are especially rich in vitamins and minerals, and help safeguard health.

Within each group there is a wide choice of foods which permits the selection of menus suited to the season of the year. Cheese and egg dishes, for example, may be particularly inviting on hot days, while the heavy, fatty meats seem more appropriate during the winter. In addition, fresh vegetables and fruits, which are more available in summer, may often be substituted for winter staples.



Digestive upsets are more likely to occur in summer than at other times of the year. A light diet of essential foods, including fruits, will be less apt to overburden the digestive system than a heavy one.

Raw vegetables, served in salads, are often more nutritious than cooked, for the vitamin content of cabbage, carrots and other vegetables is higher when raw. They may also make summer meals more appetizing.



One good hot meal a day in summer is recommended by nutrition experts. During the war, army tests in the tropics showed that it was easier for overheated men to digest hot food than cold.

In summer the body may lose more than 1½ quarts of water a day. This liquid must be replaced, for it helps to assimilate food and regulate body temperature. So, one should drink plenty of liquids in warm weather.

Authorities say that eating the right foods in the right amounts usually brings a better level of health at all ages, and may contribute to a longer life. More facts about healthful eating may be found in Metropolitan's booklet, 79-M, "Three Meals A Day."

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In the Editors' Confidence

Keune (arrow) lands, a prisoner. Now he likes the land of his captivity.

WHEN we went out to Toronto's Sunnybrook Hospital to see Helmut Keune the "first war" commissionaire at the front office said, "What name? Cohen? No Cohen in that ward." So we gave up trying to speak German and spelled the name out. And he found it on the paraplegic ward list. Bed number so-and-so. Just another patient.

When we walked out into the sun-filled recreation room, Helmut swung his chromium-plated wheel chair neatly about to meet us. He grinned rather shyly, but the grin didn't smooth away the pain wrinkles from about his grey eyes. The other patients, all Canadian veterans, took no notice of us at all.

Keune (who's now 21) was a Hitler Youth, an ardent Nazi. He was in the crew of the super-battleship Bismarck in 1941 when she blew H.M.S. Hood out of the water, when she in turn was sunk by the British fleet. On page 5 he tells his story for the first time ("What Happened in the Bismarck").

He's been in Canada since he was sent here in March, 1942, as a prisoner of war. It wasn't wounds that put him in that wheel chair for life: he was injured at a Canadian logging camp in 1946. He's one of two German POW's left in this country.

There was a time when Keune was considered sullen, unwilling to co-operate in his own rehabilitation. This was during a deadly 18 months in a body cast, when he felt like a zoo specimen ("That's the Nazi, over there!"). Now things are different.

Expecting hate from fellow patients maimed by German shot, Keune found only friendship and help. He learned English, got to know "the guys," was taken out to the ball games, the ice shows, the movies. The first time he smiled the gang cheered. Now his aim is to win Canadian citizenship and stay in this country.

We talked to some of the other fellows out at Sunnybrook about Keune. Harry Katzman, a Jewish paraplegic, just about summed things up. "Let him stay," said Harry. "He's proved himself a good fellow. It's time to forget the past."

We showed Keune some photos of the Bismarck action we had picked up. He excitedly pointed to a picture we had of some Bismarck prisoners landing at an English port after the battle. "And who is this man?" he asked in his careful English. It was see cut: unmistakably Keune, grim, unshaven, going into the captivity that has broken his body but has perhaps given him a new way of looking at things.

FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE arrived at the Lunenburg shipyard to paint for the cover when a trawler was being built. He wrote in reply to our request for background information: "The men are pulling the heavy, selected timbers from an upper level of the town down to the shipyards." And added: "The shipbuilders of Lunenburg are master craftsmen in wood and have been building vessels since the middle of the 18th century. Lunenburg is the home of the largest deep-sea fishing fleet in North America."

CANADA NEEDS HEALTHY RAILWAYS TO SERVE HER PEOPLE

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This advertisement is one of a series pointing out the railways' key place in Canada's economy. As Canada's largest builders of railway rolling stock and equipment, this company and its employees are directly concerned with the railway industry. Canadian Car & Foundry's eight modern plants turn out thousands of railway cars of every type, both passenger and freight. They are fully equipped to supply Canada's railways with rolling stock of the latest type to meet the growing needs of our expanding economy.

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• Shown here is the Super Deluxe fully automatic model 1225 with two full-sized ovens.

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These and a host of other features are yours in the new Moffat Electric Ranges. With the new Moffat you enjoy your cooking *better* – and your family enjoys *better* cooking. See the Moffat Ranges today at your Moffat dealer.

MOFFATS LIMITED

WESTON ONTARIO

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE BISMARCK

When mighty Hood sank to Bismarck's guns, the Royal Navy hounded down the "unsinkable" Nazi and sank her. One of the few German survivors here tells his story

By IAN MACKENZIE

SCHRIEBER-HAUPTGEFRIETER Helmut Keune was busy over the teleprinter in the radio room of the unsinkable Bismarck—the glory of the Nazi Navy—that day she slipped out of the Baltic under a grey, storm-filled sky. Code messages from headquarters in Kiel clacked out of the machine. The British were prowling the North Sea, watching, waiting. It was May 19, 1941.

That was the last time Senior Ship's Writer Keune saw Germany. He was 23; a strong handsome youth; an ardent Hitlerite.

Now, 31, Helmut Keune lies in the paraplegics ward of Sunnybrook Hospital for Veterans in a grassy park in North Toronto. He will never walk again. But he's learned something about democracy and wants to become a Canadian citizen.

When the British caught and sank the great Bismarck he was washed unhurt onto the deck of the destroyer *Maori*. As a prisoner of war in northern Ontario his back and legs were broken when a skittish team of western horses pulled a loaded sleigh over him.

But here is the story just as it happened.

Helmut Keune was born in Unna, 60 miles north of Cologne, deep in industrial Germany. His father was (and still is) a coal miner. Helmut was 16, a strapping good-looking boy, when Hitler came to power. He started selling bicycles and radios in a shop.

The conflagration of racial hatred and perverted patriotism which Hitler touched off in a sullen, defeated Germany consumed Helmut like a wisp of dried hay. He was a Hitler Youth.

At 20 he was conscripted into the *Reichsarbeitsdienst*, the German Labor Corps which shouldered shovels like rifles with a mocking leer at the Treaty of Versailles and marched off to build military roads, singing the songs that soldiers sing.

In March, 1939, set in the simple, steel-hard mold of socialism in jack boots, he joined the permanent German Navy. His above-average intellect took him off the decks into communications, with the rank of writer.

When war was declared, Keune was assigned to Bismarck, then nearing completion in Hamburg.

All through 1940 the British Admiralty knew Bismarck was under trial in the safety of the Baltic. By the end of the year they knew she was ready to break out into the Atlantic where Germany wanted to reinforce her aerial and submarine operations.

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Unhurt in action, Keune was crippled for life in an Ontario logging accident. Now he wants to stay.

So you stay unmarried and have moments of great loneliness that even your profession cannot make up for. Then along comes a man — and a forest fire
Smoke and heat would enter; flame would blowtorch inside.

ORDEAL

By GEORGE ARMIN SHAFTEL

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM COLT

"MARTHA?"

"Yes, Tom?"

She thought with pity, as old Dr. Whalen spoke, how clearly pain came over the phone. As she listened she had the hope that when his tired heart came to rest it would be in his sleep. For one thing she was grateful: he was calling upon her more and more to help him.

"Martha, there's this big fire over in Cross Basin. Ranger Casey has got a big crew fighting it. He sent word, just now, for me to rush over there. He's got a man hurt. Burns and shock, probably. I answered that I'd bet a woman she'd have twins and now I've got to go and deliver." He chuckled. "Nevertheless, they need a doctor. Will you pinch-hit for me?"

"Of course. But why doesn't Casey send the hurt man here?"

"Casey expects more casualties and wants a doctor on hand."

"Tom, why don't you send Dr. Albee?"

"He's at a convention in Vancouver. But even if he were here I'd send you, Martha. Because Ed Monahan is with the fire crew. You'll go by plane." He chuckled again. "Good luck, Doctor!"

Martha stammered "Thanks," and hung up, her face flaming.

Dr. Whalen hadn't meant to be tactless; he had spoken out of heartfelt kindness. And yet mentioning Ed Monahan had been in the nature of a taunt . . . an unintended echo of the smug and patronizing question she an often encountered: Why hasn't a smart, attractive young woman like you ever married?

Tom, you think you're giving me a break, she mused. *Maybe you wouldn't think so if you knew Ed Monahan.*

She walked into the living quarters behind her office and changed quickly into more rugged clothes. She had the long, shapely legs and slim waist to wear slacks attractively; and upon her a sweater looked just right. She pulled a beret upon her fair hair; and, leaning toward a mirror, carefully shaped her mouth with lipstick.

She stood there, staring at herself, as the thought came to her: *You're making up awfully carefully. For Ed Monahan!*

HE HAD stalked into her office like a moody storm cloud one afternoon and demanded to see Dr. Norcross. Martha had studied him a moment before answering—a tall, burly man whose dark hair was rumpled and greying, whose dark eyes were sombrely truculent. Not more than thirty-five, probably, but seasoned and hard used, too much rueful knowledge putting wryness into his eyes and lips.

"I'm Dr. Norcross. Can I help you?"

"How do you know when a kid's appendix has to come out? For sure?"

"Mistakes are made, of course, especially with young children. You know pneumonia in the right lung and pleurisy will cause pain over the appendix region. So we always examine the chest and—"

"Can't a kid have a bad stomach-ache without getting cut up?"

Patiently Martha had explained. "We look for more than just pain. If a child is sick and feverish, has a sore abdomen and stiffness in the muscles on the right side we suspect an appendix. But we check it with a blood test. Then, if we find that the white cell count has jumped from ten thousand to over twenty, and that a high eighty per cent of the white cells are 'poly' cells, why then we're pretty sure that it's a flaring appendix."

"But not certain!"

It burst out of him, and an answering flash of temper rose in Martha. But she knew that his anger was the reflex of anxiety too frantic for him to control, and answered gently.

"Certain enough to operate."

"How—serious is it?"

"Not bad at all. It's relatively safe and simple." He sighed with relief then; and she offered generously, "If you'd like I'd be glad to see the child."

"She's taken care of," he said curtly.

And he placed a five-dollar bill on her desk. He had not taken it from a wallet, but from his watch pocket, as if it were all he had.

"There's no charge," she said hastily.

"There always is," he retorted; and strode out.

Martha glared at the door he had closed behind him. Of all the rude, boorish, ungrateful—She shrugged. Male hysterics. The man had been beside himself with worry . . .

And then, next morning, in her mailbox she had found a card. It hadn't been mailed, for there was no stamp on it. Upon the card had been drawn a lumberjack swinging at the bole of a Douglas fir. Penciled beneath in bold, hurtling letters was simply, "I was rude. I'm sorry. Ed Monahan." Blunt and forthright . . . The longer she studied the drawing the more impressed she became, for in it was combined a robust feeling for muscular action with a glowing sensitivity for light and shadow.

She showed the card to old Dr. Whalen and he had agreed with her; the moody roughneck had no small talent.

THEN, a week later, Dr. Whalen had got Martha to go with him to a dance given at the Odd Fellows Hall. Martha was new in Holton and had to meet people, he insisted. Later, Martha wondered if Tom had known that Ed Monahan would be at the dance.

Monahan had evidently come alone, for he danced with girl after girl and finally asked her to dance.

"How's your child?" she asked.

"My child?"

"With the appendix."

"Oh—she's not mine—Casey's."

"Didn't you bring your wife tonight?"

"No. I'm not married. I dance only with wallflowers. The fat and homely ones."

She flushed hot. "I'm neither fat nor homely."

"No. You're one of the queer ones."

She stopped dancing, there in the middle of the floor.

It took her a moment to move again, to shake off the stunned shock. Then she turned and walked away from him. *Queer.* She wasn't fat, she wasn't homely, so why wasn't she married? That's what he meant. Obviously the answer must be that she was—queer. Was she? Was she a misfit? Somehow abnormal?

THE question was torment as she lay trying to find sleep later that night. But thirty-one wasn't hopelessly old. For a professional person it was very young!

Look around you! Think of all the professional women you know—the nurses and civil service workers, the statisticians and schoolteachers and lab technicians. So many of them aren't married. Charming, clever women, too!

Had long years of study and preparation congealed the warm human impulses in them? *Certainly not!* she told herself angrily. Her own impulses were as warm and ardent as any woman's.

Doing a competent job *Continued on page 26*

What does fate hold for June Callwood? Whatever it is, radio's Wayne (bejowled) and Shuster find it fun.

A dollar bought June a frenzied future from the side-street swamis who used cards and crystal balls, palms and psychononsense, to plot her a weird and wonderful love life

Blind Date With Fate

By JUNE CALLWOOD

THE FORTUNETELLER was an untidy old woman in a cheap dress. Her eyes were shrewd and calculating and her mouth was held in a loose smile intended to be benign. Her hands dealt the filthy cards expertly, but she didn't look at them. Chattering about the weather she watched her subject across the table, her glance flicking only once to the girl's engagement ring.

"My dear," she began when the cards were all out, "I see you have a problem, a decision to make. AmIright?"

The subject nodded.

"I believe," the woman continued, squinting with concentration, "I believe that this decision has to do with a man, amIright?"

Looking astounded, the subject nodded again.

"Aha," cried the woman triumphantly, "you have known this man for some time, amIright? And he is tall, regular features, medium hair and can be quite charming, amIright? But there is something about him that bothers you, amIright? Something you can't quite approve, eh? What is this thing?"

The girl across the table drooped. "It's awful," she replied, "he takes dope."

The woman blinked, caught herself and began nodding solemnly. "I saw that in the cards," she said softly. "See, the seven of clubs next to the ace of spades. That's what we call the narcotics combination. I wasn't sure that you knew."

The woman went on to prophesy that the girl would give up her addict friend, find a new man also tall, medium hair and regular features but charming all the time; and she would marry in the fall. In addition her lucky number was four, a blond woman friend was betraying her confidences and she was going on a long journey which would bring her happiness. The fee was $1.

The subject in this case was myself, but I'm sure it could also have been any female with the right equipment—the engagement ring and the dollar.

I spent five days and nearly $40 last month visiting 23 fortunetellers, and it is my considered opinion that at least 23 fortunetellers in Toronto should be strung up by their thumbs for misrepresentation.

Guided entirely by my rings and questioning of the "amIright" variety, 10 swamis saw me as single, and of these eight said I would be married within the year; eight others saw me as already married and all but one were aware that my husband was a brute whom I would divorce within the year; two claimed I was a widow and would marry within the year and three grieved with me over my recent divorce and comforted me that the right man would be along instantly.

The progeny of all this frivolity naturally are varied. They range from two illegitimate children right through to five, legitimate. Only one had me childless and one other said I would require a slight operation before I could reproduce.

I don't mind admitting that I have quite a love life ahead of me. Business is particularly brisk this summer, when I am going to start divorce proceedings against four husbands, give up two fiancés, renounce the man whose mistress I am, marry the man whose mistress I am, marry a drunk who'll never make me happy, marry our boarder, marry a doctor, marry a rich man's son who'll die young, marry a . . . It makes my head swim.

In the July-August period alone I am going on a trip (a) to Vancouver, (b) to Montreal, (c) to Wasaga Beach, (d) to New York, (e) to Chicago, (f) to Ottawa, (g) to a summer resort and (h) to the ocean.

Most of these trips will be begun in the daytime and several will be with young men to whom I am not married. My husbands and fiancés will disapprove, but the fortunetellers realized that I have to find what happiness I can. I've been leading a miserable life for so long.

Among my problems are a meddling mother-in-law, a meddling mother, a drunken immoral sister, a brother who is

Continued on page

NEW HOPE FOR ARTHRITIC CRIPPLES

The scourge of arthritis may be conquered. Here's the story of the new drug developed by the famed Mayo Clinic which has already achieved amazing results

By JOHN E. PFEIFFER

HOLLYWOOD could not have prepared a more dramatic script. The scene was the grand ballroom of New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The audience was 500 doctors, including 28 Canadian specialists, assembled for a session last May of the Seventh International Congress on Rheumatic Diseases. The "stars" were Drs. Philip S. Hench, Edward C. Kendall, Charles H. Slocumb and Howard F. Polley of the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn. And the gathering saw one of the most exciting motion pictures ever made—a color film showing results of the first use of compound E, or cortisone, an effective new hormone for rheumatoid arthritis.

For about 15 minutes the audience watched a series of amazing before-and-after pictures. The film showed Dr. Hench examining a 61-year-old physician who was so badly crippled that he'd given up his practice and had been walking on crutches for the past seven months. Asked to rise from his chair, the man braced his feet, placed his hands on the seat and gamely managed to push himself into an upright position. Grimaces of pain passed across his face when he accidentally put too much weight on his swollen toes, or when the doctor barely touched one of his swollen finger joints.

Then the movie showed the same patient three days later, after only three injections of the new drug. He got up from a chair with no trouble at all and walked back and forth briskly. Later, a broad grin on his face, he ran up and down a series of stairs as if he'd never been sick.

Equally impressive pictures showed an elderly housewife trying to cross a hospital room. Her face was a pathetic mixture of bewilderment, unhappiness and pain. She barely managed to creep a few steps without help. But a few days later she was walking easily with only the slightest trace of a limp.

After a few more cases of this sort the film was over. Dr. Hench returned to his seat with the applause of a large medical audience (usually the most reserved of all audiences) ringing in his ears. But that was just the beginning.

Dr. Kendall, the biochemist of the Mayo Clinic team and a world authority on hormones, was the next speaker. He announced that "17-hydroxy-11-dehydrocorticosterone," the new drug's scientific name, was an extract from the adrenal glands, two yellowish organs about the size of the segments of a small orange and perched like three-cornered hats on the top of each kidney.

Dr. Kendall explained how he had obtained the new hormone in relatively pure form more than 13 years ago, when there was only enough to perform a few routine tests on mice and rats. Then he made the first

Continued on page 50

A decade of tests, then cortisone: Dr. Hench.

With perseverance, he isolated it: Dr. Kendall.

1 Before cortisone, slight move brings pain.

2 Eight days of injections; jaunts down steps.

3 Completely free of pain, patient can run.

CARTOON BY NORRIS

DOESN'T ANYBODY LIKE KIDS?

An angry father accuses the adults of making this world unfit for happy youngsters

By JOHN BEDFORD

BEFORE we were married my wife and I had a little joke. We'd have a car, we used to say, a summer cottage and six boys.

I got the car and the summer cottage, but I didn't get the six boys. I got two. It seems now that is two too many. I've found that the ideal number of children, if you want to get along with your neighbors, is none—unless it's one quiet little girl who stays two years old forever. I've found that people don't like kids.

My wife and I have been refused lodging because we have children. We have been turned out of a room because my wife had the impertinence to get pregnant. When I got an apartment someone made a complaint the first night my youngsters walked around with their shoes on. I've seen people glare at them in movies because they asked a couple of questions. I've had them reported for running across lawns, up driveways, for standing on the running boards of parked cars, for shouting, for playing ball, for making chalk marks on the sidewalk and for getting curious about sex. I get told at least once a week that all they need is a little discipline (in tones suggesting a red-hot poker and thumbscrews).

I've lectured them and hushed them and shushed them until now, when they play cowboys and Indians, they come out with things like "You make for that arroyo. I'll head them off at the gulch," in tones that should only be used to ask a visiting aunt if she'll have more seedcake. And I give up. The way I feel now I'd like to slip them a few rocks, turn them loose and give them a fighting chance. Maybe before they got caught they could nail a few of the people who have been reporting them.

Drop Dead, Infant

DON'T get me wrong. They are normal, decent boys. There's Pete, nine, a scholarly youngster as youngsters go, who goes in for girls; and John, age seven, who goes in for worms, frogs, dead birds and jet propulsion. They're both trying to grow up with as little loss of time as possible. They look fondly at my pipe and beg me to let them drive the car. I think John would like to run for mayor, and I personally think he'd make a better one than the one we have in our town now. They holler a fair amount and get dirty fast.

But they're no hoodlums. They respect their elders. They don't butt into adult conversations. They go to bed at a reasonable hour and they don't give me any lip. When I tell them to do a thing they do it. I've always thought that would be enough. But it isn't. Apparently no one is going to be satisfied until they stop running, shouting, jumping, breathing—in fact, living.

What goes on? Aren't people supposed to *have* children any more? Every time one of my youngsters lets out a whoop half a dozen people look up from their petunias and scowl. Every time they get carried away with their games and forget that their feet are on someone's lawn people look at one another and shake their heads. What's caused the big change?

When I was a boy there was always an old lady on the street who chased us off her lawn, away from her house, phoned our parents and the police about us, and occasionally tried to nab us. But she was a lonely and rather pathetic old tyrant. She got nowhere with the cops and our mothers used to tell her in cool tones that they were sorry if we had disturbed her but boys would be boys.

Things are different now. The old ladies of both sexes are winning. The cranks have become, somehow, respectable, reasonable, law-abiding, long-suffering citizens; and instead of being old harpies they are frequently young married couples with a new car, a dog and one child—in nursery school.

I'm sick and tired of coming home from work to see my wife turn from the stove with a harassed expression, and, before she even says hello, say: "I've had more trouble with the boys. You know that Mr. Simpson that lives in the brick bungalow..."

I know Mr. Simpson all right. I'm convinced that he lures my boys over onto his lawn with promises of creamsicles, then squeals on them. There can be no other explanation why they always pick his flower bed to step on. I'm tired of him and I'm tired of his complaints and the complaints of a lot of others like him.

It's a Dog's World

JUST A few weeks ago a woman who lives across the street spotted me and came over with a half smile on her face that I knew meant trouble. She passed the time of day with me, mentioned how wet or warm or cold it was for that time of year, then got down to business. It seemed that yesterday John had run right up onto her veranda. Not that she didn't think I had two fine boys. She often sat on her veranda and said to her husband what two fine boys I had. If they only had just a *little* more discipline. She knew I wouldn't mind her telling me.

I tried to get an expression on my face that looked as if I would be the last man in the world to stick up for his kids, but I could have strangled her with a cold, brittle laugh on my lips. Not that I particularly approved of John running onto her veranda. But that woman has a dog, a terrier, that is neither disciplined nor has any character of his own. This woman also has quite a smug little flower bed which she works at with a pair of scissors every morning. I've actually seen her come out in the evening, turn her dog loose, shoo him away from her garden and watch while he came over to *my* lawn to powder his nose. Maybe dogs and flower beds are more important than some children, but they're not more important than *my* children!

The idea that children are to be seen and not heard has come back to us in a particularly vicious form. In the old days it simply meant that youngsters were to keep their place when adults were around. It was a crude maxim meant to teach manners, but that was all. Nowadays people would never be caught *Continued on page 48*

They Live Next Door To the Russians

Though she's at Russia's mercy, tiny Finland still sticks to her own fierce brand of freedom

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

WE CAME OUT of the still, warm woods and crossed the newly plowed black - earth field to the trail. The cottage was at the winding end of it, on a bluff by the lake. Blue hepatica were out in the cracks of the stone steps.

My host flipped a stone lightly into the shore waters. "That," he said, his voice expressionless, "is Russia now."

Something I couldn't quite place kept distracting me as I listened to his wife. She said: "Do you see the birch-clad point? That's where son Jukka caught his first fish four summers ago. We aren't allowed to fish there now."

"We can't fish, swim, or go by boat beyond those markers—10 feet out I'd suppose they are. The border police is down here like lightning if we cross that invisible line," my host went on. "And do you see that gap in the trees on the opposite shore? That's where the P's had their villa. It just wasn't there one morning last summer. Vanished in the night."

"In the night?" I said.

"Yes. That's the Russian method. There's always a sound of rocketing there in the night. I suppose they destroyed the rest of the house before, and just removed the façade at a stroke for the final effect. It's something to do with their mentality."

Russia Holds the Key

IT WAS then I decided it had been a sound that was bothering me. A constant, dull booming—a repeated thud in the noon's cup of quiet.

"What's that? That rumbling noise?" I asked.

"They're shooting. Or demolishing. Nobody really knows what they're doing. It goes on night and day." After a moment he added, "Don't you know anything at all about Porkkala?"

I knew it was the area of 155 square miles, 18 miles west of Helsinki, leased for 50 years to the Soviet Union as a naval base under the peace treaty signed in Paris in 1947. I'd had a mental picture of a barbed-wire-surrounded enclosure, but hadn't realized its significance.

It all fitted into the pattern of recent Finnish history as the war years had written it. There had been the aggression by the Soviets in 1939 when the world had cheered the bantam nation from gallant effort to epic heroism. In the second war from 1941 to 1944 Finland again fought Russia, but found her cheering section rooting for the other team. It was then that 10 of the allied countries, including Canada and Great Britain, declared war on Finland.

In 1944-1945 Finland fought again, this time against the Germans in Lapland. She was still fighting for the all-important cause—to maintain her independence.

Finland signed a peace treaty with Russia in 1940, ceding to the Soviet Union the whole of the Karelian Isthmus, the ancient seaport of Viipuri, and the Viipuri Islands, a large eastern chunk of the Karelia Province and land along the eastern border. By the Paris Peace Treaty of 1947, which ended the state of war between Finland and the Allies, the Russians retained all this, plus the mineral-wealthy northern Province of Petsamo where one of the rare all-year Arctic seaports is located. And Porkkala. All told the territories ceded to Russia come to about 17,800 sq. miles.

This was the past in which light the significance of Porkkala began to clear.

And now, standing there by the newly spring-freed lake, in the clear northern sunlight on a warm noon, an actual stone's throw from the forbidden area, the matter ceased to be a clause on an official paper.

Geographically, Porkkala is an area of lakelands, islands, jagged coastline and verdant archipelago. It had been extremely popular as a holiday spot for Helsinki families.

Strategically, Porkkala is the key to Helsinki harbor and the Gulf of Finland. It dominates the well-settled south Finland areas as well as all approaches by sea or air to the capital. It is now, in fact, a foreign fortress in the vital heart of Finland. Nobody knows for sure, but some Finns think the Russians are building a mammoth airfield there. If this is true enemy aircraft based there would have Finland at their mercy; and by air from there it's only an hour to Stockholm, less than two hours to the German coast, two hours to Copenhagen.

Porkkala is Finland's hair shirt. Which is not to say that the Finns gripe or are bitter about it. Or about anything else in the harsh terms of the peace treaty, for that matter. The pact

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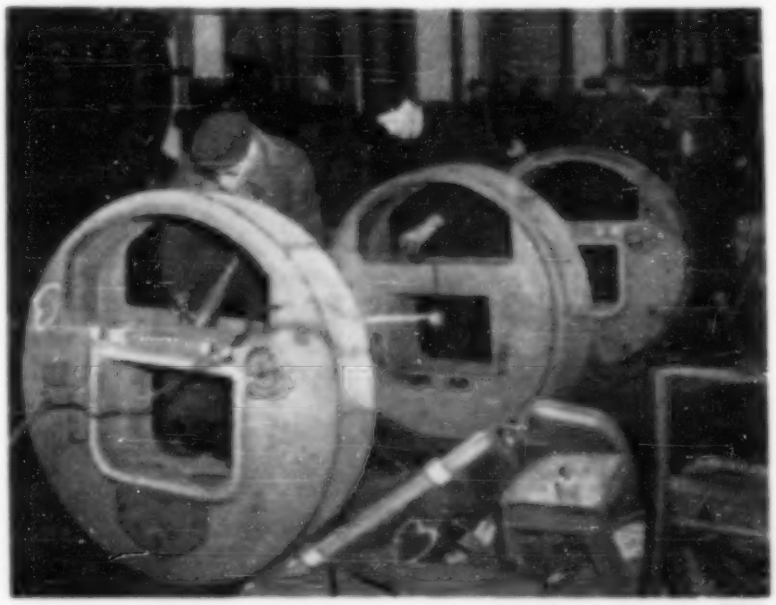
When Russia got Karelia she asked the 450,000 inhabitants to stay. Twelve did. The others build new homes, new farms, and new lives.



Boilers for fishing craft from this Helsinki plant whittle down war reparations. Russia cut debt by half to aid Red candidates at polls.

Housing shortage is Finland's worst headache. Many bomb shelters like this still hold families. There is an underground night club.

EDMONTON: A BOOM AT THE CROSSROADS

By PIERRE BERTON

IN THE goldeh city of Edmonton, Alberta, fortune's guises are legion and her smile is all-encompassing. Every day, including Sundays, $100,000 in oil bubbles up from the rich black earth around the town. Every day 300 planes roar into Canada's busiest airport. Edmonton's green lawns hide a city-sized coal mine. Edmonton housewives get the cheapest heat in Canada, thanks to unlimited natural gas. Edmonton's rich farmers have never known a crop failure. And directly to the north there lies a sultan's ransom in fur and fish, gold and uranium.

In the face of this munificence, Edmontonians might be pardoned for indulging in some slight Oriental splendor—an occasional street paved with gold, an occasional Corona-Corona lit with a $20 bill. Alas, there is none of this in Edmonton.

Geologically and geographically she is one of the world's luckiest towns. Psychologically and temperamentally her people are among the most cautious and best-behaved. Indeed many of them refuse to concede that Edmonton is going through another of her perennial booms.

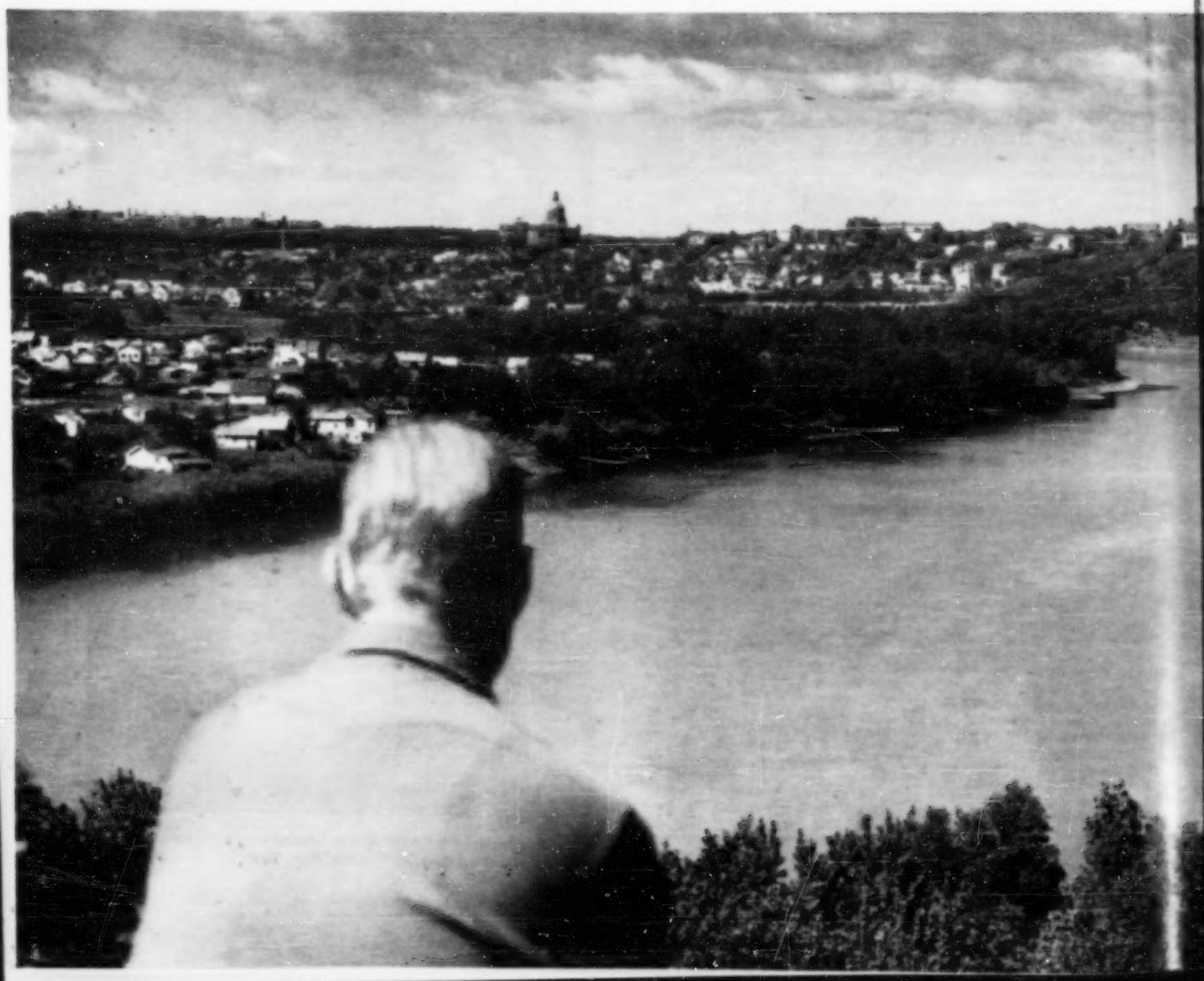
"Boom?" says lawyer Ray Milner, whom many Edmontonians think of as Mr. Alberta. "We've never had a boom." This seems a strange remark for a man who stopped in Edmonton in 1911 because he had no money to go farther and now finds himself director of a dozen companies, part owner of two newspapers, a radio station and a handful of oil wells, Conservative standard-bearer for Edmonton West and envied proprietor of the dog that once bit the hand of Mackenzie King.

Edmonton and its environs are full of the stories of men who refuse to let sudden success go to their heads. Spud Arsenault, who got 2,000 50-dollar bills for a handful of claims north Yellowknife, still occupies his room in the Cor Hotel basement and occasionally runs the eleva for fun, gravely accepting 10-cent tips from fel guests. John Rebus, who got a down paymen $200,000 from the Atlantic Oil Company, bought a new truck but hasn't got around painting his barn yet. Gottlieb Wiedmann g more than $150 a day from Imperial. His celebration was a one-week vacation in Gra Prairie, 400 miles away.

Few Edmontonians are plunging in oil sto though a derrick has risen five miles from Country Club. Last spring there was less of oil than there was of need of rain for the cro Edmontonians, forming a football club to riv Calgary's champion Stampeders, snubbed suggested title "Oilers" and named them "Esk mos" instead.

Edmonton has been called "the dullest boo town in history." Said Leonard Haynes, a visiting

On the banks of the North Saskatchewan River, a greater (but quieter) area than Chicago.



oilman, a few weeks ago: "If this were Texas there'd be three saloons and a bawdyhouse in every block." But a roughneck or a prospector on a week end can't see a hootchy-kootchy dance or buy a whisky sour. Two years can go by without a murder, six weeks without a major crime. In Edmonton jaywalkers get fined 50 cents.

Yet the city in its quiet way is booming. Its population has jumped from 90,000 to an estimated 145,000 in 10 years. Even Lord Beaverbrook couldn't get a room in the jammed MacDonald Hotel to have dinner in. Oil brought 68 new industries to town last year. Building has increased fortyfold since 1939, and is coming in at the rate of $2 millions a month. Retail sales have doubled in five years. Bank clearings in the first quarter of 1949 shot to $310 millions, a cool $100 millions over last year.

Last spring a Manila man read about Edmonton in a news magazine, promptly decided to move his $100,000 business to the town.

This doesn't unduly excite Edmontonians, whose city in its 150-year history has seen a fur boom, a Klondike boom, a land boom, an air boom, a mining boom and a war boom. In addition it's been on the fringe of two wild Calgary oil speculations (1914 and 1928) and got its fingers seared.

Walter Sprague, who worked in a Calgary drugstore in 1928 and has done well enough in Edmonton to run the city's biggest drug chain and buy himself a racing stable, won't buy oil stock. In Calgary his store opened on the stock exchange and he still remembers the wire baskets stuffed with folding money and the crowds jamming the street outside.

Sprague parlayed $50 into $1,000, lost it all. Now he says, "Anyone who speculates in oil is a fool." Most of Edmonton seems to agree. "Let Calgary get excited," the townspeople say.

Still That Small-Town Look

UNLIKE Calgary, a town built by wheat farmers and ranchers who gamble to win and get their money in big yearly lumps, Edmonton's retail trade is built on mixed farmers whose income is steady and whose ways are cautious.

Old-fashioned king-sized dollar bills still turn up in Edmonton, hinting at bank rolls stuffed in family sugar bowls. Farmers often pay for a new truck in cash rather than by cheque.

Edmonton reflects the stolidness of the polyglot European peasant strain which dominates the 100 miles of rich farming district around it. These farmers don't need to gamble: what you lose on the oats one year you gain on the pigs.

It is the land that counts. An exasperated oilman trying to buy oil rights from a stubborn farmer finally shouted: "What if I offered you a million bucks for this farm?" The farmer scratched his head and answered quietly: "I think I like da farm da way it was."

In the city proper, only now beginning to grow out of the small-town stage, some of the peasant distrust of newcomers still lingers. Edmontonians don't quite know what to make of the antics of bluff Vancouver-trained publisher Hal Straight and his flashy Edmonton Bulletin. Straight, who has been known to mix appleblossom perfume with his ink in the springtime, recently hired a Jehovah's Witness to walk through his composing room at deadline time bearing the placard: "It Is Later Than You Think." His paper fights a running skirmish with the city council, chides Edmontonians for lack of booster spirit. Newcomers buy the Bulletin, but old-timers still prefer the grey, unspectacular Edmonton Journal.

Despite its Gargantuan size—its 41.8 square miles makes it bigger than Chicago—Edmonton still has the small-town look. It has no skyscrapers and its department stores build outward rather than upward. It sprawls over the rolling prairie like eight or nine towns all pushed together, with the North Saskatchewan River cutting its midriff in a lazy serpent's curve.

In 1885 General Thomas Strange, relieving the fort from Louis Riel's métis, called it a "scattered little town." Rupert Brooke used the same adjective in 1913. Only now are the blank spots in Edmonton's heart beginning to fill up. Farmers still mow hay inside the city, and in 1941 wheat grown within the limits won the International Championship.

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Furs, gold, hogs, wheat, and now oil, pour a sultan's riches into Edmonton, but the big flat city (they call it "the crossroads of the world") refuses to get excited

IRISH LETTER

Between Eire and the North, comic-opera customs.

There'll Always Be an Ulster

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

DUBLIN—I am writing this in the Royal Hibernian Hotel at the end of a swift four days' visit first to the relentless citadel of Ulster and then to Dublin, the capital of the new Republic of Eire. In an hour's time a car will call to take us to Dunleary where we shall embark for England. It used to be called Kingston but now it's Dunleary.

So contagious are the dialects of the North and South that I feel as if these words are being written with a brogue. What is more I find myself so steeped in the Orish question (I beg your pardon) that nothing else seems to matter. The foolish newspapers are wasting space on Shanghai and Berlin and even London, whereas, of course, the burning issue is the partition of this mad, fascinating Irish isle.

As you probably know, North of Ireland (Ulster) with its six counties regards itself as part of the United Kingdom. It sends members to the Imperial Parliament, it pays income tax at the English rate, it accepts all the nationalization schemes of the British Government, and it has nothing to say about foreign policy. It is true that Ulster has a Parliament of its own with a perpetual Conservative majority, but the Parliament does not deal with finance, foreign affairs, customs or social services.

Every year the Ulster Unionist (Conservative) Party holds a week-end school at Portrush, which is a golfing seaside resort almost at the very tip of the North. This year they were good enough to invite me to address the school and intimated that Dr. Samuel Rodgers, an Ulster M.P., would pick Madam and myself up on Saturday morning at a Belfast Hotel at the precise hour of 11.30 a.m. This would enable us to reach Portrush by 1.30, have lunch and then speak as advertised at 2.30.

Having acquired English habits we were ready at the appointed time but there was no Dr. Rodgers. It was after 12 when he turned up, explaining that he had had to do an unexpected operation.

"Do you want to go direct," he asked, "or by the coast? The

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

These Experts Picked the Liberals

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

CONSIDERING how wrong we all were about Dewey last year it may be interesting to record what Canadian parliamentary reporters expected on the 27th of last month. Here's the result of a highly unscientific poll—the 20 members of the parliamentary press gallery who were at their desks one morning shortly before the election:

Average guess gave the Liberals 140.6 seats, of the 262 seats. Progressive Conservatives 68.5 seats, CCF 38.9. Four of the 20 thought the Liberals would fail to get a majority—one put them as low as 120, three at 130. Three gave the Liberals 150 or better.

Highest score for the Prog. Cons in this advance poll was 90 seats, and lowest 50. One man gave the CCF 55 seats and the promotion to official opposition; one man cut them down to 20. Most of us rated them a little above the 32 they had before the election. Social Credit was generally allowed its present strength in Alberta, though some reporters thought they'd lose a few seats and one gave them a gain of one.

Political leanings of their papers didn't seem to sway the reporters' judgment much. Some of the higher guesses for the Liberals came from the correspondents of devoutly Conservative journals, while the two high marks for the PC's came from completely independent sources.

Most of the estimates were rough guesses. One or two were the result of really serious study by men who had been across the country with one or both party leaders. One man studied the country riding by riding and gave the Liberals their highest score of the poll, 155 seats.

THIS was probably the first political campaign in history in which the paid advertising of one party was picked up and reproduced in full, free of charge, by the other party.

Progressive Conservative advertisements in Quebec were rather strongly nationalist (Duplessis brand) in their tone. One quarter-page ad proclaimed "Stephen" St. Laurent a bad Catholic because he once walked out of the House instead of staying to vote "with Mr. Drew" against divorce; a bad French Canadian because he said French language rights could be abolished by simple vote of the Commons; a bad Canadian because he approved of "colonialism" and of immigration, and because he "fought the choice of an essentially Canadian flag."

By way of illustration the ad carried a picture of Premier Duplessis' fleur-de-lis flag of Quebec.

This advertisement coincided very closely, even in its phrasing, with a campaign speech by Paul Bouchard. Bouchard was the Nationalist candidate who ran against Mr. St. Laurent in 1942. His speeches then were so violently anti-war as to skirt the edge of sedition. After the campaign, Bouchard thought it wise to spend some time in Mexico. This year Bouchard ran as an "Independent" but the Liberals were quick to infer, from the resemblance between his speech and the Conservative advertising, that he was working pretty closely with Mr. Drew's party.

Liberal newspapers in other provinces accordingly picked up photostats of the Progressive Conservative ad and ran them on their editorial pages, with translations appended.

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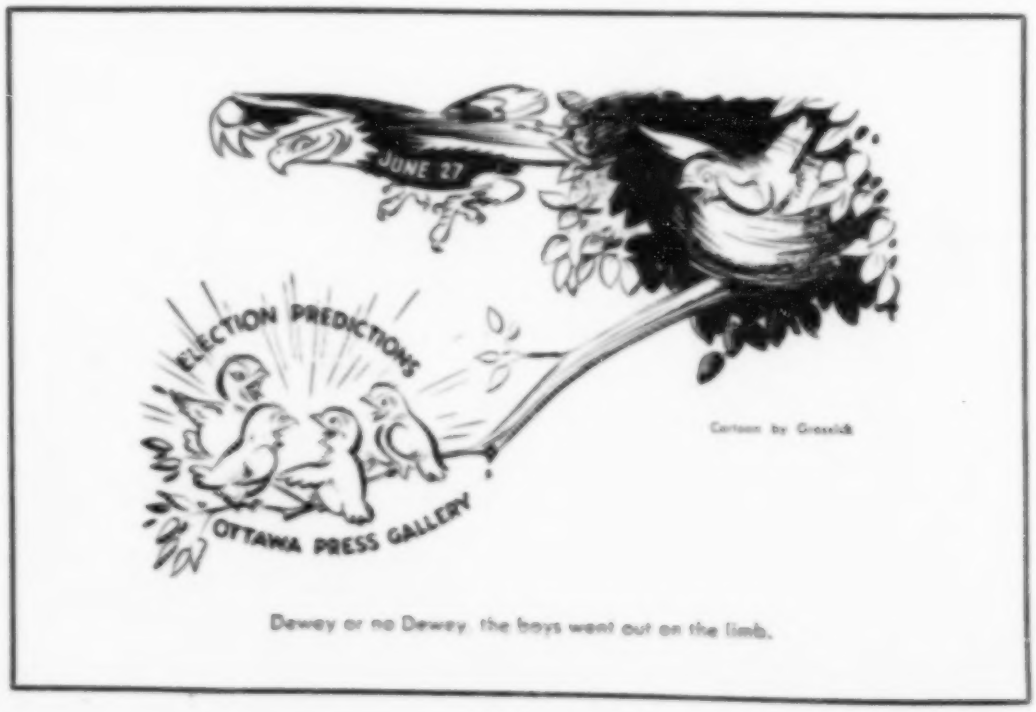

Dewey or no Dewey, the boys went out on the limb.

Second woman in the Commonwealth to become a K.C., Miss Hyndman can still find time to bake a cake

THE LEGAL LADY

To petticoat careerists, leading lawyer Margaret Hyndman says: "Forget your sex and expect no quarter." With this credo she's become one of our most successful women

By McKENZIE PORTER

LATE LAST YEAR Toronto's Margaret Hyndman was asked to figure in a nationwide radio hookup as the most successful Canadian businesswoman of 1948. The well-proportioned, volatile 47-year-old lawyer, who weighs more than 200 lbs. and frankly admits she is stout, refused on the grounds she was a professional woman.

Nevertheless, those who wanted to broadcast a voice which for 20 years has commanded respectful attention in law courts, board rooms, women's clubs and public halls had strong arguments for their proposed program.

Margaret Paton Hyndman, K.C., is one of Canada's top counsel on the intricate subject of corporation law, an active director of six companies and a political force in the Liberal Party. If wagers were laid along Bay Street, Toronto, or St. James Street, Montreal, on which woman in Canada earns the most money Margaret Hyndman would be a top favorite. On the subject of her income Miss Hyndman herself is a clam . . . "You wouldn't expect a lawyer to tell you that."

Admired and envied by petticoat careerists here and abroad she is constantly cited as a model of victory in the feminine war of attrition for industrial, commercial and professional equality. At the same time she is a warm-blooded spinster surrounded by friends of both sexes, a jocund raconteuse with a robust taste in humor, an authority on fine wines, an epicure, a good cook, a fashionable dresser, a covert philanthropist and a hostess in the grand manner.

Kenneth MacKenzie, K.C., her opponent several times in legal actions, calls her "the most distinguished self-made woman in Canada."

By her own diligence, energy and intellectual edge Margaret Hyndman stepped from an average Scottish-Canadian household in Palmerston, Ont., to ownership of a $35,000, 22-room home, No. 1 Whitney Avenue in Rosedale, a select Toronto residential area.

She is almost unknown to the newspaper-reading public. Her name never figures in sensational trials because her firm (Wegenast and Hyndman, barristers and solicitors) doesn't take criminal cases. She says she saw enough of the seamy side of life during six months' social work in New York.

In her championship of the unfortunate she acts privately and is not identified with any prominent charity. When she heard a veteran and his wife were homeless she remembered a big room over her garage and had it carved up into an apartment for them.

Her speeches simply reiterate already widely held views on women's freedom and are rarely reported . . . "Take a young man and a young woman of equal intelligence. Give them the same social background and opportunity. Put them into the same business. And there will be little to choose between them."

For years the Toronto Press has been using an old glossy photograph of Margaret Hyndman for occasional women's page use. It shows a masculine face with a severe hair-do above a lawyer's cravat and gown. It does her a great injustice. In finance and law she has matched *Continued on page 22*

Eight originals from London, Ont., are still Royal Canadians. There are six here. Middle top are trombonist Dillon and trumpeter Lebert Lombardo. That's drummer George Gowans in rear. Ben Davis is behind his tuba. In glasses is saxophonist Fred Higman, and beside him is Carmen Lombardo.

CORN IS ALWAYS GREEN — LIKE MONEY

Boogie and bop flare and fade but The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven is as sweet as ever. After 20 years in the big big time, Guy Lombardo's still tops

Freddy Kreitzer (light suit) lived next door.

By JOSEF ISRAELS II

THIS FALL, as every autumn for the last 20 years, the florist at New York's Hotel Roosevelt will get an order to deliver 16 dark-red carnations nightly to the grill room. These flowers will be neatly placed in the lapels of the Burgundy dinner jackets worn by the most phenomenal band in popular music—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.

There will be a certain amount of organized hoopla at the Roosevelt to signal Lombardo's unprecedented 20th consecutive year on that bandstand. There will certainly be very little hoopla about the music. It will be the same smooth, slow, often sad, moaning of saxes, tinkling of two pianos and throbbing vocals that the Lombardo band has added up, since their start in 1921 in their home town of London, Ont., into an annual gross of over $1 million.

The hepcats will sneer as usual. Some Lombardo fans will be reviled as anything from "icky squares" to "uncultured idiots" for daring to say they like "the sweetest music this side of heaven." But Guy, Carmen and Lebert Lombardo, and the rest of the boys, will play serenely on, using exactly the same style and for that matter many of the same numbers they have been selling for almost three decades.

They'll open and close each show with their own immutable brand of "Auld Lang Syne," played for the umpty-thousandth time and as effective as ever on the Lombardo audience. This audience, the maestro says, is composed of "people in love or about to be in love." That covers a lot of people, enough to have brought Lombardo out on top of a continent-wide poll of 700 radio editors as "top sweet band" 14 years in a row, and to make him the busiest band leader in the business.

If anyone asks Guy why he doesn't try a new style he'll reply: "Why change when you're winning?"

But come autumn Guy Lombardo himself will be as much concerned with speedboating as with his band. He's fooled around with boats since he was a kid in London. In 1947, no longer fooling, he won the U. S. Gold Cup and competed for the Harmsworth Trophy. This year he's driving a 2,700-h.p. 32-foot aluminum superboat built by Henry Kaiser. Lombardo and Kaiser expect not only to cop all the trophies going but to break the world's water speed record of 141 miles an hour set by the late Sir Malcolm Campbell.

Lombardo will patiently discuss why his brand of corn has outlasted and outpaid every other form

of jazz from barrel house to be bop inclusive (he insists he really doesn't know the answer). But the moment I mentioned boats the atmosphere changed. Talk of hull displacement, propeller specifications or possible methods of steering the jet-propelled speedboat which is the maestro's dream craft and there's a change of pace.

The dark Latin eyes in Guy's tanned and rather rugged face light up with animation. I could see at once why Broadway song pluggers anxious for the priceless Lombardo plug for their new numbers bone up on motorboating before meeting him.

A catalogue of the unusual about the Lombardo band must be long. There is no career quite its equal in the music world. From 1928, when Lombardo really began to catch on with a pioneer radio wire to the Club Granada in Chicago until today, and stretching on into a rosy future lasting as long as he wants to play, the Royal Canadians are the most consistent money-makers in the business.

Scores of others—Rudy Vallee, Paul Whiteman, Benny Goodman, the Dorseys, Artie Shaw are fair samples—have come along, curved high and receded to various niches this side of oblivion, while Lombardo, never changing his unique style, sails smoothly along on top.

Johnny Dugan, who has the enviable job of booking the Lombardo outfit for the giant Music Corporation of America, says there's never been anything like it. In fact MCA's band department was founded on Lombardo.

Today, with the band playing a steady five or six months a year at the Roosevelt on a unique deal giving it a share of every dollar taken in for an average $6,500 a week, another certain month at the Waldorf-Astoria's Starlight Roof and with August and most of September ruled off for Guy's marine activities, all Dugan has left to do is sort out the deskful of big money offers to select the most profitable ones for the leftover time.

The Lombardo year, after the fixed dates in New York and the long vacation are checked off, allows time for a few theatre bookings in key cities at an average $10,000 weekly, a few one-nighters at $2,500 a night, one or two live commercial network shows running the year round, cutting of more than 150 15-minute transcriptions sold for sponsorship on 1,700 radio stations and the making of 100 or more records for Decca (which credits Lombardo with doing much to bring it to the top of the heap).

In addition there are two music publishing houses in the Lombardo business menagerie. Guy is also a large stockholder in an airline successfully operating amphibians on commuting runs between Long Island and New York. He is opening a movable restaurant (without dancing) in Freeport, Long Island, where he lives. He's associated with a handful of real-estate ventures at scattered points.

All this adds up to an income probably well over the million a year his associates estimate. What Guy can net from this is between him, his accountant and Uncle Sam. But a lot of it stays in the Lombardo family through the additional unique circumstance that three brothers, Guy, now 47, Lebert, 45, and Carmen, 43, play in the band and a brother-in-law, Kenny Gardner, is its featured vocalist.

A fourth musical brother used to have a band of his own called, with Guy's blessing, Victor Lombardo's Canadian Royals. Later he played fiddle with Guy's band for a while. A couple of years ago Vic got the independence urge again, and today he has his own band, plays fairly close to the Lombardo brand of music, does pretty well for himself.

Sister Rose Marie Lombardo (so christened because the band's arrangement of the songs from that operetta were hits of her birth year) sang with the boys for a while. But she was married in 1946 and retired to housewifing.

"Brother Joe Lombardo—he's a musical schmo," says Guy, "can't play a note. He likes decorating and architecture. Built my house at Freeport and redecorated the Roosevelt Grill and he's done some good work as a movie art director."

Pop, Guy Lombardo, Sr., who came from Italy to be a tailor in London, Ont., lives with Mom in a big house the

Continued on page 33

Guy Lombardo (in body belt) is America's speedboat king. This fall he attacks Malcolm Campbell's world record of 141 mph. Here brother Carmen gives hand on setting of new U. S. mark of 118 mph.

Pop Lombardo (he's a longhair) and Mom (she's for Guy) dine out with Guy and sister Rose Marie.

Sailer's Son

ILLUSTRATED BY ELDRIDGE

By EDWIN RUTT

THE SAILER'S SON, with the colored boy we call Boll Weevil low over his neck, came in like a tawny flame. As they flashed by Colonel Gresham clicked the stop watch. Requardt, the trainer, sucked a short pipe impassively, but a shadowy smile curved his mouth corners. As for Kathy, she was all excitement, the way Kathy gets whenever she hears hoofbeats.

"Father!" She yanked the Colonel's sleeve. He wasn't consulting the watch fast enough for her.

The Colonel looked down. You've got to be tug to look down on Kathy, five-eight in nylons. But the Colonel is a giant. He likes to kid his daughter.

"All in good time, girl. But I've an idea" he grinned "that it is good time. We'll see presently." That cost him an effort. Underneath he was as excited as Kathy.

Kathy punched his shoulder. "Oh . . ." she said.

Boll Weevil was bringing the Sailer's Son back. The horse came curvetting a little, tossing his magnificent head. Boll Weevil pulled him up and he stood with steely legs quivering and dark sweat patches staining his sleek flanks. He was a honey, high and strong, and ginger-gold all over save for a snip on his left nostril. The exercise boy slid down like a rubbery black monkey.

Kathy had reached her limit. "Oh, Father, don't be so dramatic!" She literally tore the watch away from him.

Requardt's hands were going over the horse. I watched them, fascinated. There was magic in those hands. They could probe unerringly for trouble spots. But they found none this morning. Requardt smacked a sweat-dappled rump complacently.

Kathy had been staring at the watch. "Jim, come here! It it doesn't seem possible."

I stepped over. "W-why," I blurted, "that's practically record going."

The Colonel peered over my shoulder. "And with nothing but this little fellow up!"

Boll Weevil's mouth opened. "Cunnel," stated Boll Weevil, "dat am a hoss."

Kathy ran to the colt, patted his soft muzzle. "Boy, are you something! Polaris please copy, eh, fellow!"

Therewith she had mentioned the only horse figuring a chance of beating the Sailer's Son in the Tamplyn Stakes and marring his so-far-perfect first season. He'd gone to the post seven times and won all starts. But never by much. Twice, indeed, he'd come from behind to nip the leader. It was close shaving and we couldn't understand it. On preface form the Sailer's Son was easily the pick of those fields. He should have romped. But he hadn't.

Yet no one criticized Flickinger's riding. Flick could boot 'em home with the best. And he had booted the Sailer's Son home. But with not enough to spare to satisfy Colonel Gresham and Requardt. Moreover, the combination had never met such as Polaris.

Polaris was a big black from the Chiswick-Hart Stables. He was docile at the post, not a nervous catfooted stepper like the Sailer's Son and all of the Sailer's line; but once the gate went up he turned into ebony lightning. The Sailer's Son would have to show class to take him. But after this morning . . .

"I'm not surprised, Colonel." Requardt spoke around his pipestem. "He's got it in him."

The Colonel didn't reply. I wondered if he was thinking as I was that perhaps the Sailer's Son could look really good only on the exercise track; that he might be like a fighter who sparkles in training, but leaves his fight in the dressing room.

"To my opinion," added Requardt, "he's as good as his sire. Right now."

INVOLUNTARILY we all looked past the stables to the sweeping meadow. There, under the huge oak, quiet and with the dignity of a monarch accustomed to his station, stood the Sailer, the greatest horse of his time.

I must explain the spelling, S-A-I-L-E-R. It means simply a thing that sails, not to be confused with uniformed gentlemen who walk with a rolling gait.

For, practically from a foal, the chestnut destined to burn track for two seasons had a flowing almost oiled motion. He moved like something from space. Under full steam he seemed almost to be in space. Because his flying hoofs gave the impression of skimming the ground.

In his day there was nothing to touch him. Eighteen consecutive times, wearing the big star on his forehead like an emblem of victory, he came down the stretch, a chestnut-colored ghost. The nineteenth but no one alluded to that bitter event around Colonel Gresham's stable.

Nor had I been thinking about it on this sun-drenched August morning. The memory merely flashed back at sight of the Sailer, regal beneath his oak. And I thought and maybe it was a case of think of the devil.

Colonel Gresham was lighting his pipe. But suddenly his head came up. I heard the swift intake of his breath.

THE LITTLE MAN was shabbily dressed and hatless. He had thinning sandy hair threaded with grey skeins and a face the color of a worn saddle. It was a hard face, lined and seamed, as if life had etched it deeply with some bitter tool. The eyes were light grey, like chips of flint. He had come up unnoticed and now those flinty eyes appraised the golden length of the Sailer's Son, quiet at last with Requardt holding his bridle.

I stared. I couldn't place the fellow. But the Colonel's eyes bulged as at some monstrous spectacle. "Cavan!" Veins stood out on the Colonel's sunburned neck.

Then I knew him. Paddy Cavan, internationally infamous for pulling the Sailer, in his nineteenth and final start.

Cavan's expression was cocky. But, somehow, it seemed a cockiness hastily assumed, to get him over an awkward moment. He said glibly, "Good morning, Colonel. And how'd do, Miss Kathy? You've grown, as would be natural in five years, and so has Jim Baxter there. But you ain't changed, Bert Requardt. I don't suppose you're talking to me, Bert?"

Kathy's eyes were blue ice. Requardt said, lips scarcely moving: "I don't talk to crooks."

Boll Weevil stood between the Colonel and Cavan. A huge hand swept Boll Weevil aside. "Get out of here, Cavan!" The Colonel's voice was frighteningly quiet.

Cavan took a backward step. "Listen, Colonel, I come here today, on the level. I" visibly the cockiness vanished "I had to come."

Colonel Gresham snorted. "You were never on the level in your life."

"Father!" Kathy's breath caught.

He ignored her. "What's more, the world knows it. You let a great horse down, you let your stable down, you let me down."

Sailer's Son was off like a golden tornado.

"I've paid for it, Colonel," Cavan said soberly.

Well, maybe he had. For what he'd done to the Sailer, the stewards had set Cavan down for life.

"Paid for it," Cavan repeated. "I've not had a decent job since. Here, there, all over." He shuffled his feet.

"I'm not interested." The Colonel's jaw jutted.

"Colonel," Cavan's voice dropped. "I don't expect no sym—I don't expect nothin'. But I've got a conscience, though you won't believe me. And it—it's never let me alone, since that day."

"I fail—" began the Colonel.

Cavan interrupted, though not rudely. "No, you couldn't. But what you said is God's truth. I let Himself down. And I've had a long time to think." Shadows darkened his strange eyes. "A long time."

I remembered, then, that Paddy Cavan had usually referred to the Sailer as "Himself."

The Colonel spoke, snapping it. "Just what do you want, Cavan?"

"Well," the little man drew a breath, "I picked up something the other day. Never mind where. But it could help. To make Himself's son here—and it's a beauty, he is—a dead cert for the Tamplyn. And that"—he smiled crookedly—"would square me a bit, maybe, with—with his old man."

There was a pause. Then: "Who sent you, Cavan?"

"I guess I had that comin'. And it's okay. I said I didn't expect nothin'. And I don't, really. I just—took a chance."

He turned away. I saw his eyes, crushed and defeated. Kathy saw them too. She took a stride forward. "Father, why not hear Cavan out?"

The Colonel spun on her. "I'll hear no more. Get along, Cavan! And tell whoever sent you that, whatever it was, it didn't work."

Cavan shook his head. But suddenly his eyes went to the meadow. "W-why," he turned back to us and his smile was a rare thing, "it's Himself down there. The big guy."

THEN Paddy Cavan was running toward the fence, on short bandy legs. As he ran, he thrust two fingers into his mouth.

I don't know how to describe that whistle. It rang, sort of—silvery, trilly—on the morning air. There was something mystic, almost unnatural about it. I am not fanciful. But it sent queer thoughts through my head. Thoughts of swirling dark water, and the rolling red wagons of gypsies, and of things restless and disturbed, that never could be still.

This nonsense lasted only a moment, before I got back to normal. Nuts! We were hardheaded horse people.

The next instant I saw a pretty sight. A great animal wheeling toward the sound that alerted him, tensed, nerves gathered.

Paddy Cavan blew another blast on that strange silvery pipe. And the Sailer started.

He came slowly at first, then like the wind. He ate meadow, as once he had eaten track. And he was sailing at the end, as if the fence were the wire.

We hurried up, all but Boll Weevil to whom Requardt tossed the colt's bridle. For a second I was afraid the Sailer would try the fence, and he's no jumper. But he skidded in just short. A long nose poked over, thrustingly, enquiringly.

Paddy Cavan stroked that nose, from blazing star to moist rubbery lips. Paddy Cavan broke into soft Irish. "Shure an' it's a darlint, ye are! Agincourt!" He spat brightly in the sunlight. "Agincourt never

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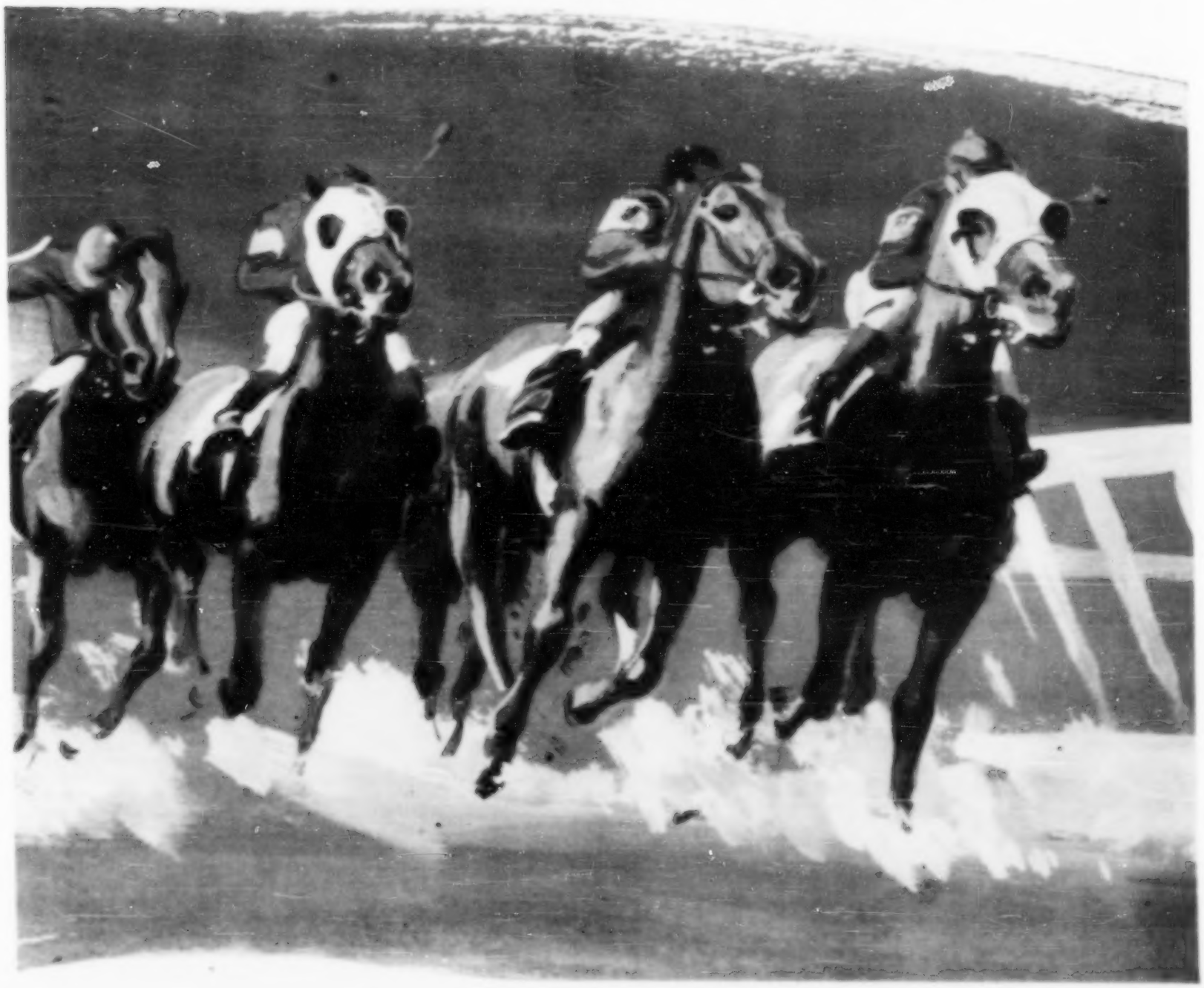
Horsemen are hardheaded. They don't have much faith in a woman's intuition — or in an ex-jockey coming back to pay off a debt of honor to an old friend



CHINA'S RED RULER

Mao Tze-tung wants to build a new China in the wake of his conquering Red Army, but the world fears his Moscow alliance

By HENRY R. LIEBERMAN

One of these men rules 200 million people — the one on the left, Mao Tze-tung. The other is dapper U. S. Major-General Hurley. Mao, shrewd revolutionary, still looks like a village teacher.

General Chou En-lai is Red spark plug and an able diplomat. He doesn't look his 50 years.

General Chu Teh, Red Army Commander, cured himself of opium, went Communist in Germany.

THE PORTLY CHINESE in sun helmet and loose, grey suit with clasped collar stood framed in the doorway of the U. S. Army transport plane on the tarmac of the Nine Dragons' Slope Airfield in Nationalist China's capital city, Chungking.

He was about 5 feet 9, taller than the average Chinese, with long uncut hair and an oval face that came alive through sensitive, almost feminine features. Doffing his helmet, he spoke a few words of greeting to his welcomers in the native dialect of Hunan, the rice-bowl province of central China.

The man was Mao Tze-tung, leader of the Chinese Communists; the time, a bare three and a half years ago; the purpose of the visit, to talk peace with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. His escort from remote Yenan to Chungking was Major-General Patrick J. Hurley, then U. S. Ambassador to China. The talks failed.

Today Chiang is in retirement and his Kuomintang Party all but wrecked. The Communists, who in 1945 felt strong enough to ask only for the right to name the governors of four provinces, have taken these provinces and much more in a military sweep from Manchuria down to and across the Yangtze to Shanghai. Now the man in the sun helmet, who once lived in the caves of Yenan, sits in Peiping as the head of a party that rules 200 million people and the richest one third of China. He has his pick of hotels and limousines.

And now he doesn't have to go to the Nationalist capital to talk peace. On April 1 four 70-year-old Nationalist delegates went to him in Peiping to talk peace, with few cards to play.

Mao greeted the elders with the appropriate etiquette and, while chain-smoking, impressed them with his humor, his wide intellectual interests and his folky epigrams. Then he demanded the surrender of the Nanking Government and gave Acting President Li Tsung-jen less than a week to make up his mind.

All China at his Mercy

SYMBOLICALLY, the visit of the elders represented more than a bid for peace. It represented the capitulation of the old order in China with its scholars and its rituals and its classical essayists to the peasant's revolution with its commissars and unions and Marxist dialectic materialism. The unsuccessful Peiping peace negotiations were only a tactic in Mao Tze-tung's over-all struggle for the institution of "New Democracy" in China.

In the days when he ruled the "Soviet Republic" in the hills of Kiangsi, from 1928 to 1934, Mao established the Chinese Red Army and came to be know to the peasants as "Mr. Soviet."

When his army was decimated in the Kiangsi wars against the five "suppression campaigns" launched by Chiang Kai-shek, he led his political followers and his remaining troops on the amazing 6,000-mile "Long March" from Central China to the loessiands of the northwest in Shensi Province.

In his capital of Yenan, where donkeys plodded sleepily through the dry dust with tinkling harness bells, he added new touches to his theories of peasant warfare, land reform and the Communist-led "bourgeois revolution." This switch on the traditional Russian Bolshevik approach, which he adapted to the special conditions prevailing in agricultural China, won him the title of "the Lenin of the East."

But Mao still looks more like a village schoolmaster than a Communist leader. The Red Army — now grown to 3 million men (regular and militia) and equipped with Japanese weapons and U. S. Lend-Lease material seized from the Nationalists — is in a position to extend Communist holdings virtually at will. South *Continued on page 38*

ENGINEER RISKS LIFE TO HALT RUNAWAY TRAIN

WINS DOW AWARD

FRED RYAN

of Toronto

crawls along running board to an emergency brake in sub-zero weather.

THE Continental Limited was thundering through the night at 50 m.p.h. when suddenly the car heating pipe uncoupled . . . and the cab was filled with scalding steam. 58-year-old engineer Fred Ryan, his hands burned, realized that the only way to stop the train was to reach the emergency brake at the engine's front. Climbing out, he began to crawl along the narrow, icy running board. On the opposite side of the engine fireman Bruce Kearney was attempting the same thing.

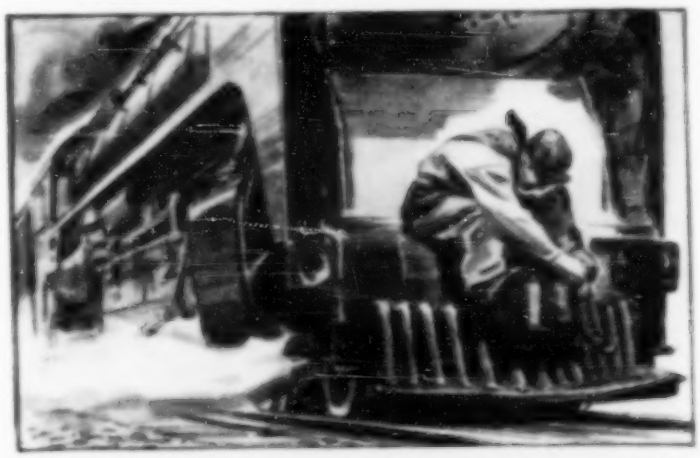
Inching his way along the 55 hazardous feet, Ryan clung to the iron rail with his scalded hands. In spite of the rolling motion of the engine, the bitter wind and the 10-below zero weather, he finally reached the front bumper and applied the brakes.

We are proud to present The Dow Award to heroic C.N.R. Engineer Fred Ryan.

For deeds such as this, more than 145 Canadians have been presented with The Dow Award since its inception in April, 1946.

1. The mile-a-minute C.N.R. express train, enroute from Toronto to Vancouver, was speeding through a desolate part of Northern Ontario. Everything was normal until a heating pipe uncoupled in the cab.

2. Suddenly the entire cab was filled with clouds of live, scalding steam. Their hands badly burned, both engineer Ryan and fireman Kearney were forced to crawl out the windows.



3. Finally, after his hazardous and heroic feat, Fred Ryan managed to bring the runaway express to a halt. He fell, exhausted, in the snow. The passengers didn't realize how close to disaster they had come.

THE *Dow* AWARD

THE DOW AWARD is a citation presented for acts of outstanding heroism and includes, as a tangible expression of appreciation, a $100 Canada Savings Bond. The Dow Award Committee, a group of editors of leading Canadian daily newspapers, selects Award winners from recommendations made by a nationally known news organization.

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Elizabeth Arden

AT SMARTEST SHOPS IN EVERY TOWN

The Legal Lady

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men's wits but she has never assumed a wholly masculine outlook or appearance. When she ceases to talk business the shrewd professional glint in her eye is replaced by softer lights. Her cheeks are smooth and pink. The line of her mouth is compassionate. Even her business clothes are a bit frilly.

It's true that on the first day of spring this year she wore a simple black suit, but her bosom was a foam of ruffled silk and on her head she wore a $75 model hat dazzling in its botanical profusion.

She seems to have two parallel mental lines, one masculine and the other feminine: one for making money and the other for using it. Says a male legal opponent: "When you talk about law with her you forget she is a woman." But Anne Patton, her blind friend who runs a Toronto travel agency, says: "When Margaret invites you to dinner you automatically dress."

One of the most likable Hyndman characteristics is a capacity for telling stories against herself.

She Talks in Black and White

One story is about the time she was called to the bar in 1926. She was at the head of a line of graduates. She went up to the dais to get her diploma, moved round the back according to plan, but instead of taking up a humble standing position on the other side of the room, plunked herself down in a chair reserved for King's Counsel. She had to be asked to get out.

"The judge was an Irishman," she says. "He had little appreciation of women at the bar. This incident gave him an excuse to express his views strongly. It was years before I won him round."

Twelve years after this incident, however, Margaret Hyndman earned a right to that chair.

In the courtroom she is not a brilliant pleader. Says one well-known Canadian barrister: "Before a judge Margaret Hyndman is too honest, too direct. She's not subtle. She never employs innuendo. Everything is black or white. There are no shadings of half truth in her conceptions."

Her courtroom manner is not marked by repartee or wit. "That sort of thing might build reputations," she says, "but it doesn't win cases." She evades verbal duels and stacks to unminced words. Once she remarked cynically of lawyers: "First they get on. Then they get honored. Finally they get honest."

In cross-examination she is simple, patient and exacting. Her questions are fired slowly, methodically and repeatedly. She uses honeysweet tones, dead-pan tactics and righteous wrath to root out the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Watching her one day a junior murmured: "She chooses sabres, not rapiers."

She has scored some impressive victories. She did more than most to get margarine on Canadian housewives' tables. Representing the Canadian Consumers' Assn., she proved before the Supreme Court, that the Government had been acting illegally for 60 years in forbidding its sale. She put before the judges the housewives' point of view. Housewives, she said, found butter, then at 75 cents a lb., a sore drain on their budgets. Many believe that the simple human issues as put by Margaret Hyndman did more to help the court reach its decision than the technical wrangling and purely financial questions which marked the argument between the farmers and the prospective margarine producers.

It was a fight for women. And matters which concern women are Margaret Hyndman's major preoccupation. In 23 years at the bar she has never prosecuted a woman or

JASPER — **By Simpkins**

even engaged in civil suit against one.

One evening two years ago the St. George's Liberal Women's Association in Toronto pleaded with her for several hours to run for Parliament. She refused, but added, "One of these day I'll have a crack at it."

She recoils from adulation. Once she was introduced to a women's club by a speaker whose emotion gave her the creeps. With only faint regard for the facts the speaker said: "Here is Margaret Hyndman, who climbed to fame all by herself. She had no husband, no brother and no father to help her." Margaret Hyndman turned to her neighbor and said loudly: "You'd think they were going to hear from a poor little bastard."

She is sole partner in Wegenast and Hyndman, whose quiet, print-hung three-room suite is in the Montreal Trust Building on downtown Toronto's Yonge Street. This practice keeps her so entangled with the troubles of big business she occasionally takes her two women secretaries home to dinner and keeps on working after coffee in her oak-panelled library. But she is always ready to take up the cudgels for smaller clients. In March she acted for householders against suburban York Township for building a large incinerator near a woman's house and thereby depreciating home values.

When F. W. Wegenast, her early employer, subsequent partner and continual mentor, died in 1942 Margaret Hyndman was on her own. Years before Wegenast had made her an articled clerk in his office at $25 a month while she did three years reading for the bar. During this time she did most of the research for Wegenast's book "Canadian Companies," which is still a standard work.

Forget Your Sex, She Advises

Wegenast carried a torch for justice. He took up the cases of wronged little men with such frequency that some of his colleagues said he was eccentric. An enemy once called him "a nuisance lawyer."

Margaret Hyndman absorbed some of his characteristics. During the war she devised and promoted the free legal aid for soldiers which was dispensed in every province. Seventy per cent of the cases handled were divorce suits. The widespread domestic upset pained her. But she felt the retribution falling on unfaithful wives of servicemen was just.

In 1938 she was the second woman in the British Commonwealth and Empire to be raised to the rank of King's Counsel. Today she is still one of only 11 women K.C.'s. Her only woman senior in Canada is Helen Kinnear, an Ontario County Court judge.

Miss Hyndman is a grand dean of the U. S.-originated legal sorority Kappa Beta Pi, a member of the Canadian Bar Association and of the Canadian and American Political Science Associations. She has traveled in Europe and America as a president of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. Last May she attended the federation's convention in Helsinki, Finland.

The precepts she presents to career women are few and precise: "Only the fact that I am a lawyer matters. That I am a woman is of no consequence. I make a point of not knowing how many women lawyers there are in Canada."

As a springboard to success she advises: "Start young. Make yourself indispensable. Nearly all the highly paid women I know started as stenographers. One day the boss woke up to the fact he couldn't do without them."

She says the woman who expects consideration in business purely on account of her sex will never get on. "Forget your sex," she advises, "and expect no quarter."

Once she was asked: "But don't you think the emotional make-up of a woman unfits her for higher competition with men?" She retorted: "Emotion makes more fools of men than it does of women. The most successful men are often the biggest fools of their emotions. They can afford to indulge their whims with money. Many great men have made fools of themselves over a woman. But how often has a great woman made a fool of herself over a man?"

The wartime growth of government regulations raised Margaret Hyndman to affluence. Every business became enmeshed in a maze of legal problems. Few major companies could afford to be without a corporation lawyer on their directorate. Demands on her advice were as heavy as fees were fat.

Her appointment to the Board of the London and Western Trusts Co., in 1945, made her the first Canadian woman to draw director's fees from a trust company. Now she is also a director of the Canada Trust Co. and the Huron and Erie Mortgage Corp.

Her other company directorships include Griffin Theatres Ltd., the Palmer Thermometer Co., Ltd., and Joseph and Milton Ltd., furriers and dressmakers.

During the depression she worked behind closed doors in a tottering brewery as an executive, and paid off all its creditors without dissipating a penny of the estate which owned the brewery.

She has three sisters. One is a time-study engineer in Hamilton, Ont., another a civil servant in Ottawa, and a third is married and settled in Texas. She also has a brother in business in Hamilton.

On both sides her parents were of Scottish blood. Her father was for 25 years town clerk of Palmerston, Ont. He was not a qualified lawyer but Margaret Hyndman says that in his time he knew as much as any man in Ontario about municipal law. It was from him she got her hankering for law . . . "I never thought about anything else."

Her father was also in the coal and wood business and once made money. But he lost it again. "I was brought up with money," says Margaret Hyndman in refutation of the widely held belief she originated in poverty.

As a child she sat with her father around the dining room table helping him with debentures and other chores connected with his town clerk's duties. Sometimes she played at being a lawyer. After education at the Palmerston Public School and the nearby Listowel High School she came to Toronto and got a job as a $15-a-week stenographer. Later she went to the Law Society and got herself articled.

Her pay was $25 a month. She supplemented it by teaching English, arithmetic and geography to a Polish woman for 75 cents an hour. Often in her searchings for title deeds on behalf of her employers she would walk miles and pocket the carfare.

A friend says: "Even in those early days she had ideas about how she was going to live. Most students got back to their room and just ate out of the frying pan standing up at the stove. But Margaret always laid her table beautifully, changed and dined with formality."

Margaret Hyndman likes to laugh, sometimes her ample frame is an earthquake of mirth. Not even pain

Are you in the know?

While someone's 'phoning, should friends —

- ☐ Go dumb
- ☐ Keep talking
- ☐ Comment on the conversation

During a get-together, if a keen dean gets a buzz—don't let your conversation lapse. You may think it's polite, but *he'll* think you're listening! So keep up the chatterin' chatter (tuned low) and spare the buzz boy needless blushes. Embarrassment is always needless, for clever girls—on calendar days. Because with the *extra* protection of Kotex, "accident" worries say bye-bye—thanks to Kotex' exclusive *safety* centre. Keeps your confidence shatter-proof!

What's the best makeup remover?

- ☐ Soap and water
- ☐ Cold Cream
- ☐ Smooching

Avast there matey! Best you *first* slip makeup off with cream, wiping away with Kleenex Tissues. Then wash your face. It takes cream to "light" cream (such as most makeup lines are made of), and followed by soap and water, it helps keep blackheads at bay. There's another smart plan you can favour at certain times. That's trying all three *absorbencies* of Kotex. Regular, Junior and Super are designed for different girls, different days. Why not be sure to have a Kotex napkin that's very personally *yours*?

What clan does her plaid represent?

- ☐ Frazer
- ☐ Macpherson
- ☐ Black Watch

If you give a hoot for the Highland touch in legs—and who doesn't?—lend a wee ear. Have a fling at "ancient tartans": top-rating plaids with authentic patterns, representing actual clans. A gemmeyne *Macpherson*, for instance, as shown. And when your own clan meets, have fun—even at calendar time. No cause to be self-conscious what with Kotex preventing telltale outlines. Those *flat pressed ends* just don't turn traitor. They *don't* show. (As if you didn't know!)

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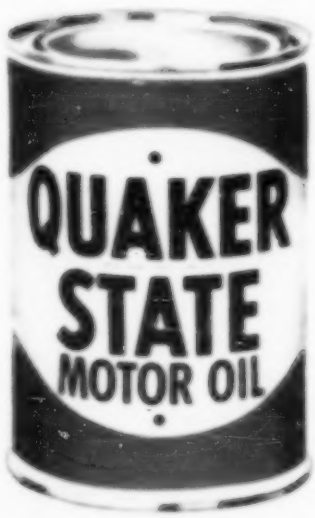

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can quench her good humor. Last March, when she was troubled by phlebitis (vein inflammation) she put up her foot ostentatiously on a stool in droll mockery of a *bon vivant* with the gout.

Once she gave her friend, Anne Patton, a water color which hangs in Miss Patton's suite at Toronto's King Edward Hotel. Sightless Anne Patton remarked that the picture was not much good to her. "It is," said Miss Hyndman. "Each of your friends will come to you and talk about it. It will be like having a collection of pictures because they will all describe it differently."

Soon after the war Margaret Hyndman heard that a young inmate of Baker Hall, a Toronto residence for blinded veterans, was looking for somebody to take him to a Presbyterian church. She called for him every Sunday and took him to her own St. Andrews on King Street until he got married. Then she paid his mother's fare from Cape Breton Island, N.S., to the wedding. She put the woman up in her own home, bought her a fine quality wedding rig-out, and each morning took her breakfast to her in bed.

Once at Home, 200 Guests

The Hyndman home, though not enormous, is spacious. There are three large rooms on the ground floor all leading off a big hall. She can entertain 150 comfortably; once she entertained 200. She employs a Scottish married couple as maid and manservant.

The decor is expensive but quite restrained. She had it redone throughout after she bought the house two and a half years ago. "It was really okay," she said, "but all the paint work was to match the red hair of the previous occupant. That didn't match me at all." Her hair is dark brown.

You can't see her at the office without an appointment, but in Rosedale she keeps open house. Callers are seldom turned away. Sometimes unexpected visitors merge into a party. Even when she is dining out some of her intimates have the habit of assembling in the sitting room and awaiting her return.

The guest rooms are generally occupied. Once they held a Jersey couple who had suffered during the German occupation of the Channel Islands and came to Canada for a business trip and holiday. More recently her house guest was an English girl studying domestic electrical appliances on a scholarship from the British Women's Electrical Association.

Margaret Hyndman throws a big cocktail party for more than 100 guests three or four times a year, smaller ones about once a month. She gives dinner parties usually once, but sometimes twice, a week. She gives tea parties frequently for 20 or 30 women church or social workers.

She likes her parties to be in honor of somebody. On her housewarming she gave a tea party, cocktail party and dinner party all on the same day. When she invites more than 20 she gets an outside caterer and hires a musical trio or quartet.

Her dinner parties are not always for the wealthy or celebrated. She has been known to send an ambulance to bring a permanent invalid to dinner. Early last year she gave a Sunday afternoon party to blind veterans. She told them to bring as many wives, girl friends and mothers as they liked — about 200 turned up. The show went with a bang. She invited a group of young sighted men to help. She gave them all specific duties like checking coats, parking cars and waiting. She even remembered to put one man on "toilet duty" to make sure the blind found their way in and out.

"Who's Who in Canada" lists her hobbies as cooking and fishing. At one time she did a lot of cooking herself and her roasts and grills were prized. Nowadays she leaves it mostly to her cook, but before a dinner party she keeps popping into the kitchen. She still bakes occasionally. Scotch scones are her forte. She doesn't bother about her weight and likes cake. Her favorite cakes are made by a Chinese houseboy employed by a close friend. She gets special deliveries of these at Christmas.

In 1947 she baked a big three-tiered cake herself and flew with it to London, England, where it was ceremoniously cut in the Law Courts on the anniversary of the admission of the first woman to the English bar 25 years previously. Here she sipped champagne with Lord Chief Justice Goddard who, fortunately, was not told the wine had been smuggled into the austerity ridden island by three French women lawyers.

Margaret Hyndman's facility for making friends is boundless. She flew back from England with a number of war brides and their babies. The heat in the plane was too much for the tweedy English women and their heavily swaddled children. Miss Hyndman spent half the trip nursing the squalling babies and soothing their flaming posteriors with rose water she had bought for herself.

During the war she went up to her country cottage on Georgian Bay by train. She took along a hamper of chicken and a flask of iced dry Martinis. More than a few of her fellow travelers accepted a drink and a leg. When she got off there were a score of faces at the windows waving her a fond farewell.

Her cottage is on an Indian reservation. There is a loophole in the Indian Act which permits whites to rent land from Indians providing it benefits the natives. Lawyer Hyndman found the loophole. The local Indian chief asked her if he could make her an Indian princess. She declined, she says, because she wasn't quite sure "what the proposition entailed."

In summer the cottage is always full of guests. There is a special annex for snorers. She fishes in the lake for relaxation, not for whoppers.

The Choice: Career or Marriage

There is no such thing as an average day in Margaret Hyndman's life. But every minute of every working day is parceled out by her secretaries. She generally arrives at her office around 9:30, sees a succession of clients, lunches socially or publicly and returns to another waiting list of clients. Frequently she flies long distances to address women's clubs. At one time she used to whiz around Toronto in a jeep station wagon but now uses taxis mostly.

She was once asked: "Do you ever regret having chosen a career instead of marriage?" She thought a long time then replied: "You know I do." There was another pause, and then she added: "Whenever I have to queue up in the liquor store I regret not having a husband to do it for me."

But her real attitude on this question is revealed by her words on another occasion: "Sometimes as I finish my breakfast in the dining room I say to myself 'Now if you had a husband he would be going through that door with his brief case bulging with drama. And you would have to stay at home and wash the dishes!'" ★

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Ordeal

Continued from page 7

meant work. You couldn't help it if strain put early grey into your hair and concentration put a disconcerting directness into your glance that seemed severe to a stranger. She knew that she had a touch of austerity.

So you stayed unmarried. And you had your moments of anguish. Of loneliness. In some measure you resigned yourself, and then an Ed Monahan came along and you were left sure and furious, adrift, ruddleless, uncertain.

MARTHA drove hurriedly to the tiny airport at the edge of town. As she parked she saw a helicopter come over the field surprisingly noisy and slow. It came almost straight down to a feather-light landing, rotors sighing over the muted rumble of its engine.

It was a small ship, with an open cockpit that would seat two, side-by-side. Rigged on each side of the fuselage was a bunklike platform of piping and cross strands very much like a Stokes stretcher. They were loaded now with supplies for the fire crew.

"Dr. Whalen can't come," Martha told the pilot. "I'm Dr. Norcross. You're to take me to Cross Basin."

He pushed up his goggles and stared in frank surprise. He was a young man, tall even sitting down, his sudden smile attractive.

"Glad to have you, Doc. I'm Dave Beatty. Climb in."

The take-off was surprisingly easy but breath-taking in the way the tall trees beyond the field seemed suddenly to drop away and fall below. Her pulse stuttered; she was scared, but enjoying it.

Looking over the cockpit edge she saw the deep bowl of Cross Basin. From this height it looked to be a perfect oval, carpeted by a velvety pile of green which actually was heavy timber. From that velvety green was rising a crescent of smoke. The shape of that boiling uprush of vapor seized her startled attention, for it revealed that the fire had run north up the basin and then, when the wind had shifted into the east, the conflagration had turned as well, and its extremities had sent out long arms that now were curving inward, like the closing points of a sickle-shaped moon. And it seemed that the helicopter was dropping into the middle of that ring of fire.

The soft blur of green became rough and uneven, became tree tops that rushed skyward. And then the ship was lowering down between tall spires of pine and fir. They landed in a small clearing.

A man came running toward them. Beyond him, near the edge of timber, were other men in temporary camp.

"Doc Whalen!" he shouted. "We—hey, where's Whalen?"

Martha opened the cockpit door and jumped to the ground.

"I'm Dr. Norcross. Whalen's too ill to come. Where's your injured man?" Martha demanded, seizing her kit.

"We've got two more hurt. There, Doc!" He pointed. "Dave," he told the pilot, "you'll have to load those stretcher cases and get 'em out of here fast! The fire's run away from us!"

Martha hurried toward the injured men at the edge of the clearing. Two of them were lying on blankets and the third sat on a log, hunched over, his face grey and sick with pain. Martha smiled encouragement to him and bent over the nearer of the two prone men. He was in a coma, brought on by shock.

To stimulate the heart she quickly pressed a 1½ c.c. ampoule of coramine into an arm muscle. Then into an arm vein she injected 100 c.c. of serum albumin that would suck body water into the depleted burned tissues and work to bring the man out of shock. She gave him a syrette of morphine to muffle the pain that would wildfire along his nerves if he came to.

She turned to the second injured man. He was writhing on his blanket and talking in delirium.

"Burning tree fell on Al," someone explained behind Martha. She turned, startled, to stare up into Ed Monahan's dark eyes. "Jake there, pulled Al out from under and got burned himself. Work fast, Doc, will you? We've got to make tracks out of here!"

She gave him a brief, furious glance, then bent to make her injections with more than usual deliberation. You don't rush a hypo.

A man wearing a walkie-talkie strapped to his back came running to the uniformed fire boss.

"Casey! Mac's reporting! He says the only way out now is over Modoc Ridge. He says we've got to run or get burned up!"

"We're leaving right now. Hanson! Kyle!" Ranger Casey bawled. "We're pulling out! Pass the word along. We've got to beat the fire to Modoc Ridge!"

"Casey, Lipe's at the creek with five men!" Monahan said.

"Ed, go warn 'im, will you!" the fire boss ordered, then whirled toward the helicopter. "Dave, I'll help you load those injured men aboard, then you haul right out of here!"

Reluctantly Martha let the two badly injured men be strapped onto the side platforms of the helicopter. The last patient, Jake, walked unaided to the ship and climbed in.

"Now go!" the fire boss commanded. "Good luck!"

He turned and started running after his fire fighters, taking the road that crashed into the timber on the east side of the clearing. The pilot jumped into the helicopter and beckoned to Martha.

"Come on, Doc! We're taking off like we were jet-propelled!"

The cockpit, intended for two, was crowded with Jake between them. The pilot gunned his motor. Overhead the rotors whirled into blurring speed. Dave Beatty shoved the control lever.

The helicopter strained and shook, and the left side canted slightly into the air, but the right wheel did not leave the ground. Beatty swore, eased off the throttle a moment, then again opened her full, and the motor blatted out in thunder.

But the helicopter, trembling on the verge of flight, could not lift off. Savagely Beatty chopped the throttle.

"She's overloaded. Look, Doc." He turned toward Martha, frantic. "We've got to dump this heavy guy on the platform!"

"But the fire would get him!"

"The fire'll get us all if we don't."

"No! The man's in a coma. He's helpless!"

"But he's probably dyin' anyhow—"

"I forbid you to put him off!"

"Look, Miss, I'm pilot of this ship."

"Doctor Norcross, if you please. You're functioning as my ambulance driver. I'm ordering you to take these men to the hospital at Marysville at once!"

"But we can't take off with this load!"

"We'll lighten the load."

She already had the cockpit door open. She jumped to the ground.

"No!" Beatty shouted. "Get back in here!"

"These men must be rushed to town."

"I'm not leaving a girl in this fire and taking—"

"I appreciate that, believe me. But those men need immediate care. I'm ordering you to take off right now!"

"But Doc, this fat old guy here's likely dying, and anyway, he's just one of the no-good wimps that Jenkins recruited on Skid Row—"

"*Those men are my patients!*" She told him so furiously that he shut up. "You will take off at once!"

She turned, then. She whirled and ran across the clearing.

Behind her Beatty shouted for her to come back. She darted up the roadway into the timber, in the direction that the fire-suppression crew had gone. Beatty's voice faded behind her, muffled by distance and trees.

After a bit she had to slacken her pace to a breathless walk. The timber seemed to press in close about her, dense and towering, satir with menace.

She heard a motor roar, startlingly close. She jerked her glance skyward. Overhead, between the swaying pine tops, she glimpsed the helicopter—perilously low, but in the air, and laboring southward toward Marysville. Dave Beatty had taken off.

IT WAS hot. Dazingly, smotheringly hot. Sweat drenched Martha's body and her heart pounded and she gulped for breath. Her eyes streamed and her nostrils burned from the smoke, and time and time again she cowered as a gust of heat hit her. She might not beat the fire to Modoc Ridge, she realized, for the blaze seemed so much closer now. Plainly she could hear the snarl and crackle of fire leaping thunderously through resinous foliage.

She heard voices, and she peered ahead, straining to see Ranger Casey's men. She could see no one. But she did, then, hear the thump of running feet. Behind her. She turned—and saw men coming up the road toward her. Three, five—six of them.

The first man gawked openmouthed at her. Without pausing, however, he looked back and yelled "Monahan!" and pointed at her. The others sprinted past—haggard, unshaven men who had discarded their mattocks and shovels. Only Monahan halted and stared at her, in outrage and consternation.

"Why didn't you leave in that helicopter!" he demanded.

"It was overloaded."

"That crazy Dave Beatty! I'll beat some sense into him. He could've left one of those men behind."

"He wanted to. I wouldn't permit it. Those men were helpless!"

"So look what you've got yourself into!" he retorted. "Oh, come on!"

He started running again. She followed. And she tried to keep up. It became increasingly difficult. For the road slanted up the timbered base of the ridge, growing steeper.

Reeling with fatigue she tripped over a rut and fell headlong. She just lay there, gasping agonizedly for breath.

Monahan lifted her to her feet, angrily telling her. "The fire's almost got us circled! Don't you realize what a spot we're in?"

She glared at him. At that moment she hated him. She didn't care what happened to her. She wanted only to lie still and rest and suck air into her tortured lungs.

He said, "Come on!" This time he did not let go of her wrist but pulled her along with him at a run.

She couldn't keep up. She fell, and landed heavily, breath knocked from her body. Monahan stooped and snatched her up in his arms and pounded on at a lurching run.

"Let me down! *Let me down!*"

He did not answer her. She tried to lift up, bracing her hands against his shoulders. He was sweating with exertion, his deep chest pumping and his heavy muscles quivering as they worked.

When he did stop it was for a reason. He halted, and set her upon her feet. She swayed dizzily, and he put his arm about her shoulders. She relaxed against him, taking comfort in his bulk and strength.

Looking up the road through the timber she saw, with a shock of realization, that none of the other men were in sight.

"You've been left behind by your men!" she exclaimed.

"Think you can run now? We've got to get past the fire!"

"You go ahead. *Please.*"

He did not answer. He was staring up the slope, and abruptly his full lips twisted in a grimace of dismay.

"Not even if I wanted to. The fire's jumped the gap."

"You m-mean we're caught?"

"The fire's ahead of us now."

"Are your men caught, too?"

"They made it through, thank the Lord!"

She peered ahead. At first she saw only the smoke in the heavy timber up the ridge, boiling thickly skyward. But now, suddenly, in that ballooning murk she saw the leaping red striations of flame, and heard the raucous shouting of fire as it lunged through the treetops.

"That pilot," he said, "should've made you get back into the helicopter."

"I make my own decisions!" she retorted sharply.

He looked down and grinned at her, a surprising warmth on his haggard face. Immediately, though, he sobered.

"There's just one thing left—Come on!"

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They broke out into a small clearing. Martha saw an old, sagging house built of peeled logs, now grey with age; a corral, a long shed from which hung an ancient sign: Feed, Groceries and Mining Supplies, Jay Clark, Prop. Monahan led around the cabin. He paused before a small structure with a shingle roof under which hung a rusty wheel and rope and bucket. A well.

"No!" Martha cried. "A well's a deathtrap. Heat and smoke would get us!"

His glance at her was approving; he nodded agreement.

He drew her on again. Behind the store building they found a pathway. He led on up it, through an orchard gnarled and broken with age, up into a slope of tamarack. The path grew steep, and Martha saw that they were climbing the ridge. Straight toward the fire! She held back, but Monahan pulled her on. Above them dense smoke poured from the trees in rolling bursts that puffed and swelled, ballooning skyward, whirling aloft brands winged with flame. Lower down she saw streaks of writhing scarlet. She saw a tongue of fire shoot out of the smoke like a giant lance, to hit a lopstick of dead fir. The tall stump was instantly ablaze.

"Here it is!" Monahan panted, and stopped.

They were on a little flat. Before them, set right into the hillside, was a door of planks grey with age. Crudely painted on it in letters almost erased by weather was the word EXPLOSIVES. Martha guessed what Monahan intended to do.

"No!" She pulled back frantically. "A cave's as bad as a well. We'd die in there!"

"What do you think we'll do out here?"

He tugged on the door. A rusty padlock held it shut and, using one arm, he couldn't open it. He let go of Martha. She turned to run, then stopped. Just stood there.

It was too late. A wall of fire was racing down through the tamarack, to the west of them.

Using both hands Monahan wrenched open the cave door. He whirled, caught Martha's arm and drew her violently into the passageway.

KEEP on going. Far in as you can get!" he told her, and turned back to shut the door.

This wasn't a cave, Martha saw; it was too narrow and regular. It was a prospect hole dug by some miner who abandoned it long years ago. The fire, she foresaw, would make a bake oven of it. That door would give no protection, for it would quickly burn away. Smoke and heat would enter; flame would blowtorch inside.

Monahan started heaping rubble into the entrance, until he had used up all the broken rock he could reach. He bent and grabbed up a fallen roof prop. With it he hammered at the ceiling. Fragments of rotten stone fell, and Martha winced as she saw chunks hit his shoulders. But he kept swinging the timber at the uneven ceiling of the tunnel. More debris came down in a shower of dust. And then, with an ominous ripping roar, a whole section of the roof caved in.

Martha screamed as the light was momentarily blotted out in a re-echoing darkness acrid with dust.

"Are you hurt?" Monahan shouted. She caught a shuddery breath.

"No. Just s-scared."

"The rock fall doesn't close the tunnel! We've got to get as far back inside as we can! Come on!"

A dozen yards farther in they hurried, their feet sloshing through puddles of water that had dripped from the roof—and came to an abrupt halt. For here the way was blocked, the prospect hole closed down tight by the debris of a cave-in which long ago had squeezed the tunnel shut.

"Lie flat!" he told Martha. "The air'll be fresher near the floor. Here, against the wall. Breathe through your handkerchief. Give me your sweater!"

She obeyed, and lay down. He dipped her sweater into a puddle.

"Here! Wrap your head in it!" He dropped down beside Martha, pressed against her, and put his big arm about her shoulders. She drew courage from his nearness, and felt pity as his big chest racked with coughing.

"It's going to be bad," he gasped. "Keep your head covered. If it doesn't last too long maybe we've got a chance."

She felt him wince, and guessed that another gust of heat had lashed into the tunnel, tonguing over them; and she realized, gratefully, that he was shielding her from it with his own body.

Even through the sweater about her head she glimpsed a reddish glow. And then she felt him tauten, felt him shrink convulsively and heard him moan. Upon her hands, and through the sweater about her head, she felt heat so intense that it seemed like whipping flame. Smoke was suddenly agony in her nostrils and throat, and she choked, struggling for breath, her lungs burning, suffocating. She tried to raise up. In crazy panic she pulled the sweater from about her head and tried to gulp sweet air into her lungs. Monahan yelled something at her, and pushed her down flat. But the slashing anguish in her lungs, the smothering that was like an intolerable bursting within her, broke her self-control. She tried to pull away from him. She fought him, and got to her knees. Abruptly, mercifully, she passed out.

SHE was lying with her head pillowed on her sweater when she came to her senses. Ed Monahan was sitting beside her.

"Sorry I had to clip you on the chin. It was a rough anaesthetic."

"The fire! Where—what's—"

"Burned on past by now, I hope."

Her eyes streamed, her head throbbed and her throat felt raw and lacerated. Then she had a coughing spell.

"Feels like you'll bring your lungs up in chunks," he said sympathetically. His own voice was hoarse and aching.

Moments ached past. The cigarette lighter wouldn't last long, Martha realized. When it went out would she again have that terrifying feeling of smothering in darkness?

"Ed," she asked nervously, "you work for the Forest Service?"

"That's right. I sit in a high tower and look for smoke. It's easy, and I squeeze it into a routine that gives me time to paint."

"What a waste! You shouldn't have to waste time doing work any high-school boy could do!"

"You remind me of a girl I once knew, only with reverse English. She was always prodding me to quit painting. I used to tell her that Adam's rib was replaced by a thorn. She didn't think that was funny."

"What was she like?"

"Oh, cute and cuddly. We'd walk down the street together and the fellows would practically drool when we passed. She never grew up. She figured that painting houses wasn't much different from painting pictures, except that I made good money doubtng houses. She's always had a sharp and immediate focus."

"You kept on painting?"

"Yep. I learned. I grew. I can paint. I've had more than a dozen pictures in

Continued on page 30

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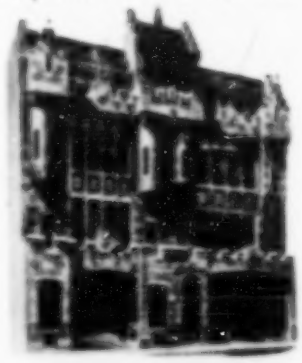
This advertisement is an adaptation of one of a series created by The House of Seagram to tell the peoples of other lands about Canada and her various products. For the past two years this campaign has been appearing in newspapers and magazines printed in many languages and circulated throughout the world.

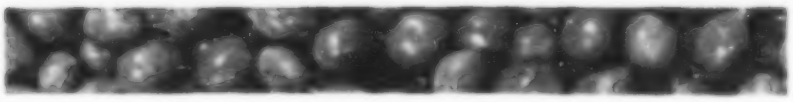
Our prosperity is based on our ability to sell our products to other countries. Every Canadian has a personal stake in foreign trade, for one out of every three dollars of Canada's national income results from our trade abroad. The more that the peoples of other countries know of the quality, variety and prestige of our products, the more likely they are to buy from us.



* * *

We feel that the horizon of industry does not terminate at the boundary line of its plants; it has a broader horizon, a farther view — this view embraces the entire Dominion. That is why The House of Seagram believes that it is in the interest of every Canadian manufacturer to help the sale of all Canadian products in foreign markets. It is in this spirit that these advertisements are being published throughout the world.

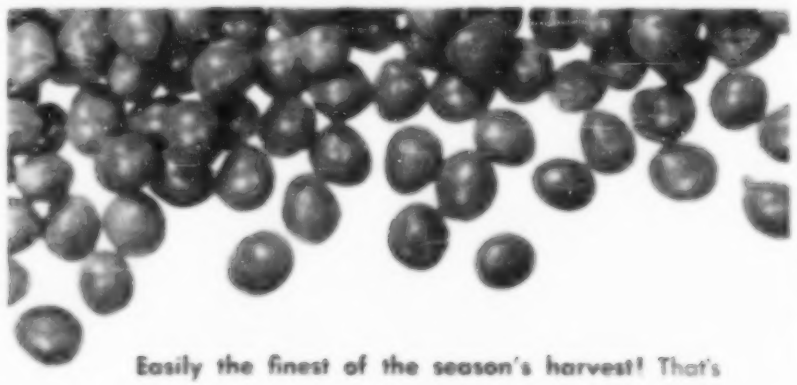
The House of Seagram



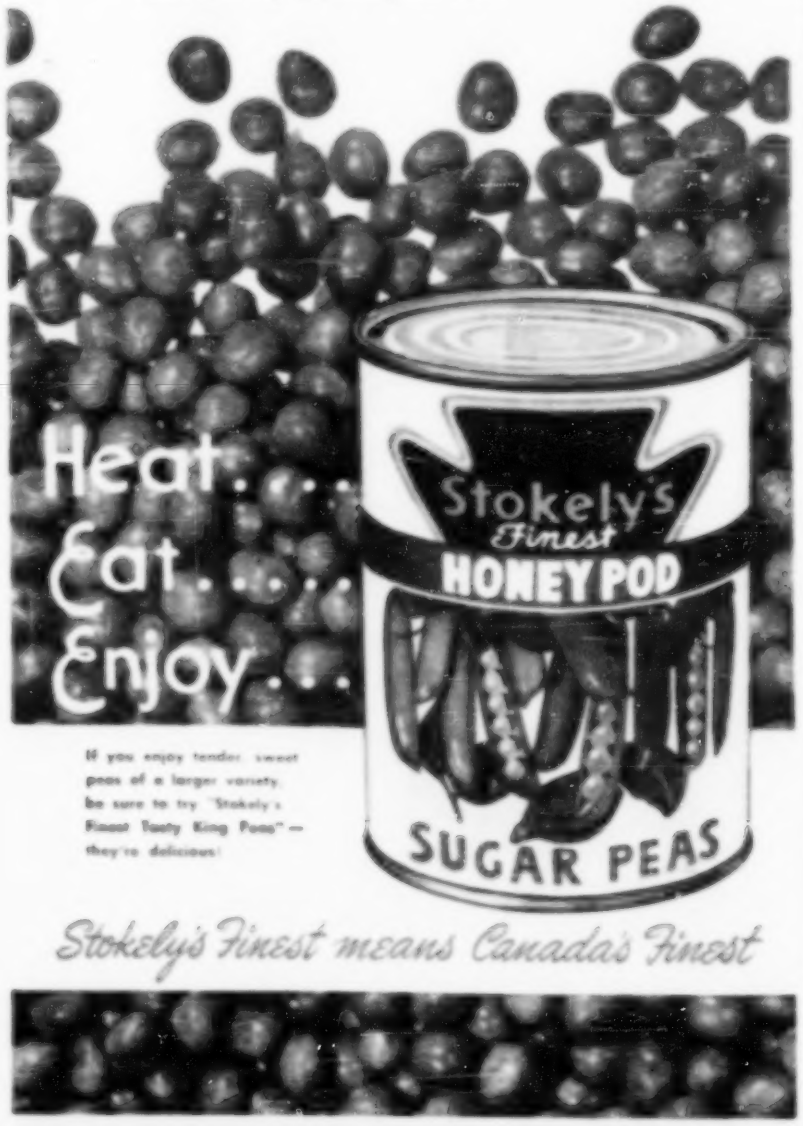
Bring Garden Freshness to your Meals

WITH THE NEW CROP OF

STOKELY'S FINEST HONEY POD PEAS



Easily the finest of the season's harvest! That's Stokely's Finest Honey Pod Peas. Grown from carefully selected special seeds, they're picked at their sweet and tender best . . .then packed the same day — often the same hour! So for guaranteed quality, for garden-fresh flavor, serve your family Stokely's Finest Honey Pod Peas. Try the new pack now!



If you enjoy tender sweet peas of a larger variety, be sure to try "Stokely's Finest Tasty King Peas"— they're delicious!

Stokely's Finest means Canada's Finest

Continued from page 28

shows, but last week I got word three of my paintings were chosen for showing. I went out and got drunk."

"And, drunk, you came to that dance?"

"I did. And when I saw you there I decided to marry you."

"You *what*?" Martha gasped.

"You looked so pretty and prosperous. Marrying you, I told myself, would be a break for both of us."

"You—you take my breath."

"I reasoned, Look, Monahan, you're thirty-seven. You went for that love stuff once, and look what a heartburn that was. You need a wife who's mature enough to have charity for your weaknesses and appreciation for your strengths. And when you're bored with painting you can talk about her work. Besides, I told myself, look at the financial aspect of it. Besides it would be such a kindness to marry the lonely gal."

"You weren't drunk, you were delirious!"

"Of course I had some qualms. If a gal as pretty as you, I reasoned, could reach her thirties without being married—"

"I think I despise you!"

"But I resigned myself on taking a chance."

"So n-noble of you!"

Her voice broke; hot tears of humiliation filled her eyes.

"Then you came here to the fire today. And I changed my mind about marrying you." His breath hissed sharply, as if gulped through clenched teeth. "I saw you at work on Jake and Al. One thing about an artist. He has reverence for ability. I had to change my mind. I won't marry you. In the first place you deserve a better break. And in the second place I realized that you wouldn't marry me in the first place. You were too big a person." He stirred restlessly, and again his gasp of breath masked a groan. "Lord, I—" He checked it. "I'm just running off at the mouth. I feel so—damned lousy—"

Martha was sensitive to pain.

"Ed, you didn't tell me you got burned!"

"My back—"

She lifted the cigarette lighter. His face was grey and sweating. He bent forward and she looked at his back. Under his shirt his flesh was a mass of blisters. He was running a high temperature and probably going into shock. And she did not have her medical kit with her! She had nothing with which to ease his agony. Impulsively she drew his sweating face against her breast and held him close. . . .

"Ed, do you think you can try getting out of here?"

"We've got to try," he said simply.

They rose and walked to the edge of the rock fall. Peering out through the narrow space between the uneven debris and the jagged roof Martha shuddered. The roof was insecure, and the slightest jar might cause another cave-in that would solidly close the passage. They had to risk it, however; they had no choice.

They lay prone on the debris, and stomached over it, cruelly punishing knees and elbows on the shards of broken rock. Martha's nerves writhed; fear was a throttling tension in her throat. Fear of brushing against the rough, downthrust edges of the shaky ceiling . . . fear that Ed might faint with pain, or slip into coma, and she'd never be able to pull him on through.

But Ed kept crawling, slowly, stubbornly. Dust trickled upon Martha's neck, and she froze, taut, waiting. A pebble struck the back of her head, and a scream rose into her throat. But nothing more fell. And then they were at the tunnel entrance.

The door had been burned away, only charred fragments clung to the hinges. And outside the passing fire had left a black, smoldering desolation of the timber and brush.

But Ed grinned shakily as they rose to their feet.

"Did you ever see sky so blue? Or sun so bright?"

Martha said gently, "No, Ed."

"Gosh, the world never looked so good!"

They walked downslope, to the roadway. He wanted to start toward town, but Martha made him rest, and wait. Somebody would be coming to assess the fire damage.

A half hour passed before they heard a clattering roar. It wasn't a truck, however: it was the helicopter, making a sweep of inspection over the basin. Martha rose and waved and called.

Dave Beatty didn't hear her, but he did see her, and the windmill ship slanted down to an easy landing nearby.

"Say, you two sure took a beating!" Beatty exclaimed.

"We're bloody, but unbowed!" Ed retorted.

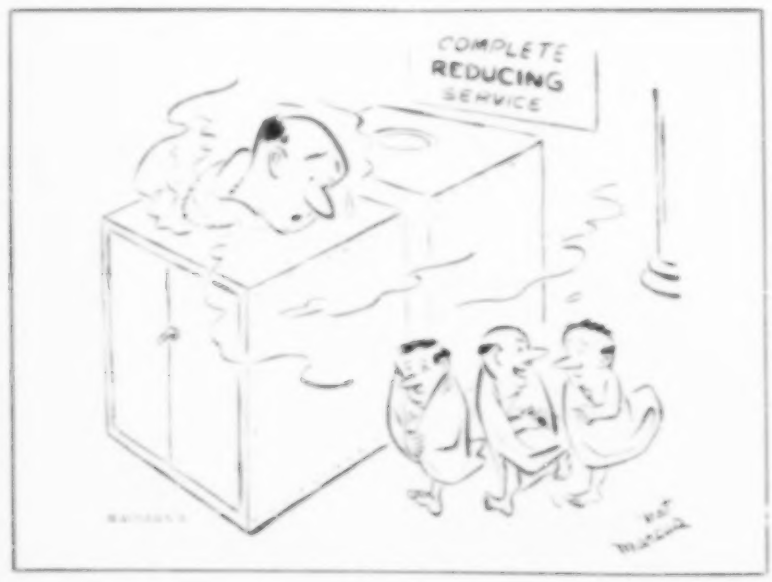
"Ed needs treatment," Martha said. "We've got to hurry!"

Beatty helped her get Ed into the cockpit.

"How about you, Doc?" Beatty demanded. "You coming along this time, or letting your patient go without you?"

Martha smiled.

"With this patient," she said softly, "I go along!" ★



M-H Farm Machines are taming African wilds to build 3-million-acre peanut plantation

Another example of Massey-Harris partnership with food producers in all parts of the world.

•

IN African Tanganyika, more than three *million* acres of virgin land are being brought under cultivation. It's the world's all-time biggest agricultural project...and is aimed mainly at the production of peanuts, valuable source of vegetable oil.

For centuries, this potentially productive land has grown nothing but underbrush and trees of little value. It could not be brought under cultivation by old-time methods, because tropical heat and tsetse fly prevented both men and animals from doing the necessary physical work. But now, with modern farm tractors and modern labor-saving farm equipment, this vast region is being added to the world's food-producing area.

Massey-Harris equipment is being used exclusively for all tillage, cultivation and harvesting operations in this project. The 102-year partnership of Massey-Harris with farmers throughout the world, in the pioneering and expansion of agriculture, has placed Massey-Harris in a position of acknowledged leadership among food producers everywhere. Wherever you find a swing toward modernization in agriculture, there also you find Massey-Harris equipment in use and in demand.

MASSEY-HARRIS

A CANADIAN COMPANY WITH A WORLD-WIDE ORGANIZATION

Painted by Jim Woods

There's room to grow in Canada Unlimited

It's like a treasure-house, isn't it? Spices from the East, sugar from the Indies, coffee from Brazil, tea from Ceylon. And with these are great Canadian treasures, too, like flour and fruit and cheese. Last year, our retail stores supplied Canadians with $6,000,000,000 worth of goods—three times the volume 15 years ago. There is a brilliant future for Canadians in our retail services, and in the hundreds of industries that produce and supply us with goods. It's a future based on opportunity, because there's room to grow in Canada Unlimited.

Just how much room is told in "CANADA UNLIMITED", an illustrated 144-page book published by the O'Keefe Foundation. You may obtain your copy by sending 25c in cash, no stamps or cheques, please, to "Canada Unlimited", Dept. "J", O'Keefe House, Toronto, Ontario. All monies received will be donated to the Canadian Citizenship Council.*

O'Keefe's
BREWING COMPANY LIMITED

*A council of service, welfare, church, labour, fraternal and other organizations whose aim is to acquaint new Canadians with the opportunities offered by democratic citizenship in Canada.

A-72

Corn Is Always Green — Like Money

Continued from page 17

boys bought them in Greenwich, Conn. Since the band is almost always working fairly close by there are regular family reunions every other Sunday.

"There's lots of big and little talk about music and motorboats and the family," Guy says. "Mom cooks spaghetti and her other Italian specialties and we all have a big time in a quiet way. Pop has a pretty classical background in music and there's lots that we do he doesn't approve of. But I can do no wrong so far as Mom's concerned."

Pop Lombardo liked singing better than tailoring. He was said to have the best baritone in London, and made some extra money singing in choirs, at weddings and funerals. The family lived on Oxford Street.

Guy liked to hang around the boat yards along the Thames, and was saving all he could spare from a 25-cents-a-week allowance toward buying his own boat. Pop thought the boys should learn music. He bought Guy a violin, Carmen a flute and Lebert got a fancy tympani outfit.

The boy next door, who played piano, was invited to join the practice sessions in the Lombardo parlor. His name was Freddie Kreutzer and he is one of eight Londoners still playing with the band.

This nameless quartet labored over the sort of music played by hotel ensembles from behind potted palms while the customers drink tea — obscure intermezzi and Cadman's "At Dawning." They made Pop proud with some appearances at church socials.

Naturally they wanted to try jazz. After listening with mounting irritation to a ragtime practice session Pop issued an ultimatum: Unless they stuck to "good music" he would take back the instruments and close the parlor to rehearsals.

This order, Guy believes, had much to do with plotting their future success. They modified the hot licks of the jazz to try and make it slow and melodic enough to please Pop. They had something there and took some dates playing for pin money at local dances. Four pieces weren't enough, and additional London lads were enlisted to bring the band's strength to nine.

Pop Found the Fare Home

The band was still nameless when a "big" date materialized in 1919 to play for Labor Day at a dance pavilion at Grand Bend, Ont. That didn't turn out so well. Pop came to hear his boys and was surprised to note that they were playing it plenty hot — "and plenty lousy," says Lebert, disregarding the caressingly soft music they exhibited in the parlor. But that's what the dancers wanted. Pop also didn't like the way his boys worked practically without a break from noon till 10 at night, snatching hot dogs and soda pop on the stand for sustenance.

With two hours of dancing still to go, Pop mounted the stand and ordered an immediate halt and return home. The boys obeyed. Their instruments were impounded in a locked chest. But Pop Lombardo relented when St. Peter's Church asked him to let the boys play for a charity entertainment. Out came the instruments again. Guy got 14 players together in the winter of 1920 and wangled a steady job at the local Winter Garden vaudeville house. Pop bowed to the inevitable.

The inevitable was a one night stand at Toronto's King Edward Hotel. An American agent, Mike Shea, heard the band there and offered a date in Cleveland — perhaps. It was perhaps all right. The Cleveland date didn't materialize, but the Lombardos had talked so much around London about their impending departure for the U. S. big time they had to make some move.

Shea got them some low-grade one-nighters around Ohio and Michigan. Money wasn't too good and Pop finally had to pay fares back to London. But then Shea came through with the real thing — an engagement at the swanky Claremont roadhouse outside Cleveland.

This was the autumn of 1923, and the eight Londoners who went along are still in the band. Besides the three Lombardos they are: Freddie Kreutzer, piano; Bernard Davies, tuba; Freddie Higman, saxophone; James Dillon, trombone; and George Cowans, drums. Victor Lombardo hadn't even been born.

While at the Claremont, Guy became convinced there was something important about radio, then in its crystal-set infancy. He offered, over the objections of his agent, to play free for Cleveland stations.

These early broadcasts over WTAM had far-reaching effects. "We were playing in at least three different styles then," Guy recalls, "hot stuff like the Chicago bands, big fancy arrangements like Paul Whiteman and sweet the way Pop liked it. The big thing in radio was to hear stations a long way off — DX they called it. People sat up all night listening. We asked them to write in — and they did. They wrote in favor of our sweet numbers — and by a big majority."

It's for Lovers to Listen to

One of the radio listeners who wrote in was a honey blonde named Lillebell Glenn, who lived in Cleveland. After two years of listening she got a boy friend to take her to the Music Box where Guy was then playing. They met that night and married two months later.

Cleveland paid the Lombardos well enough. But by 1927 they were ready for bigger things. The plush, gangster-owned Club Granada in Chicago offered $1,500 a week and a radio wire. The latter feature was most important to Guy in accepting the date.

The band was called Guy Lombardo's Canadians. When they were booked into a big Chicago movie house the manager said the name wasn't impressive enough. He suggested "Royal Northwest Mounted Canadians," complete with scarlet coats. Guy had visions of audiences hollering, "Where's your horse?" and compromised on "Royal Canadians."

It was about this time that a fan wrote in the still-used slogan: "Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven."

Sometimes the Granada was pretty exciting. There was the night the band's broadcast was punctuated by the stutter of machine guns. Guy, at the microphone, kept his head and said, "That was our drummer." But the music had stopped and when the maestro looked around he saw a bandstand empty except for Freddie Kreutzer, who was huddled under a piano. The club's patrons were mostly barricaded behind tables or lying on the floor. Two of them were dead.

"Before I headed for my own foxhole I managed to say into the mike: 'We now return you to our studios in the Wrigley Building.'" Guy recalls.

That was 1928. In October of 1929 Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians opened their first New York City engagement, the real big, big time at the Roosevelt Grill. Their style of

DEPENDABLE

CHAMPION

SPARK PLUGS

Canada's Favorite!

In parking lots anywhere, you'll find cars of practically every make and vintage. If you were to lift the hoods of all of them, you'd find the majority — regardless of make — equipped with dependable Champion Spark Plugs. We've made this test over and over again, definitely proving that Champion is Canada's Favorite Spark Plug—obviously the result of better performance.

This leadership in public acceptance has continued for over a quarter century!

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS

DEMAND DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR

playing had already crystalized into what it is today. The premiere was crowded and so were the next few nights.

Then the stock market crashed. There were nights when the band played to four couples in the big room which seated 350. But the hotel was patient and so was Guy Lombardo.

Gradually people began to come back, especially the younger generation, the people "about to be in love." They flocked to hear Lombardo in person, tuned him in on the air and bought his records. The upswing was on for good. It's never swung an iota downward for Lombardo.

But the years in the big time didn't cut his home-town ties. When the Thames River flooded in late April, 1937, 5,000 Londoners were homeless and damage was heavy. Mayor Kingsmill got a phone call from Detroit. It was Lombardo. "Anything I can do?" Guy wanted to know.

On May 5, after their Detroit show, the Royal Canadians packed into special buses and headed for London. By 11 p.m. London's Capitol and Loew's Theatres were jammed.

At 1.45 a.m. Guy's baton cut through the cheers in Loew's. In the Capitol a movie kept the crowd there patient. After a full performance Loew's emptied and the Capitol crowd moved over. And again a smiling Guy teed off into a full show.

And into the Red Cross flood relief went nearly $4,000.

When I met Guy Lombardo to talk about this story he was filling a schedule that would murder most strong men and liking it, because he has learned the trick of taking things just as easily and smoothly as his music.

He stands in front of the band relaxed and suave. He's a short five feet four, but always immaculately dressed by his tailor and good friend, Mel Rutt. He made the "best-dressed men" list of the Custom Tailors' Association several years in a row.

Most of my talks with Lombardo had to be grabbed in 20-minute snatches while the band was busy accompanying specialty acts on the stage of New York's Strand Theatre. He was playing five shows a day there (six on week ends). Between shows the whole band, with no time to remove make-up or stage clothes, would bundle instruments into taxis and make for the recording studios. They would get back to the theatre just in time to mount the rising bandstand as it started upward.

In 20 Years, 250 Hits

For most of its numbers the Royal Canadians need a leader like the proverbial hole in the head. But audiences feel unhappy if Guy himself isn't out in front to give the downbeat and sway rhythmically in a sort of half dance while they play Lombardo specialties.

But when the ballroom dance team and comic acts come on at the Strand Guy got things started and stepped off stage, not for relaxation but for extras like talking to interviewers, seeing song pluggers with new numbers, checking over a sketch of a new gearbox for a speedboat or eating a sandwich.

His day started with an hour's trip by car from Freeport to the theatre for a first show about noon and ended after midnight. In between just about every minute was being expertly utilized.

Lombardo is frankly puzzled if you ask him to explain his "formula" and why it's so successful. He has his opinions about it but insists they're just what one man thinks.

"When I fly over this country," he told me, "I look down from the plane and notice that only a very small part of it lives in cities. I see the little houses, the farms and, most of all, the little people. They're my audience and every year there's a new generation of them as the bobby-soxers and teenagers mature and begin to like the ageless sort of music we play for them.

"Our listeners have no musical education. But they like the music. What do we give them? Recognizable melody, danceable rhythm, sentiment, nostalgia, the tunes everyone loves to make love to.

"Again and again when we come back to play the dates we've played before, couples come up, tell us that it's their anniversary, and ask for 'Little White Lies,' or 'Boo-Hoo' or whatever it was we happened to be playing the night they fell in love to our music.

"I don't think we can ever run out of that kind of people as long as we continue to give them just what we give them now."

To be sure that he continues pleasing Guy talks to scores of fans every night he stands on the bandstand. He reads his fan mail so far as his physical ability permits. Most of all he watches audience reaction to every new number.

"The professional musicians' opinions don't mean a thing to us," Guy says, "they've been cursing us out for being corny for so long I wonder they never get tired of it. What I'm always watching for is a new tune with a Lombardo personality. That means it's simple, easy to sing, danceable, and has a lilt to it, even if it's a slow lilt.

"Carmen writes quite a few of them, but he complains he has more trouble getting the band to use them than outsiders do. We've all developed an instinct for a good number and I listen to what the boys in the band have to say. Our collective feel for a hit is pretty good."

Was There Milk in the Sax?

The music publishing world confirms this last statement. They credit the Royal Canadians with launching at least 250 top tunes to success. This year's crop includes "Everywhere You Go," "Dangerous Dan McGrew" as sung by Kenny Gardner, "The Irish Washerwoman" and "Powder Your Face With Sunshine."

This last hit was written by brother Carmen to a lyric brought him on the bandstand of the Statler Hotel in Washington by Stanley Rochinski, a disabled veteran. It is the only successful song the boys can remember having found through nonprofessional channels.

A big part of the Lombardo fan mail of about 1,000 letters a month (sometimes it's that many a week) is composed of amateur song manuscripts. Despite never having found anything useful among them in the past every single submission is looked over by Larry Owens, the band's current arranger.

Professional musicians, after years of looking down their noses at the Lombardo success, have often insisted that tricks they imply are practically unfair musically have made the band what it is. Guy chuckles at these accusations. He is glad to exhibit the fact that there's nothing secret about his instruments or his arrangements. He just happens to know how to use them.

But it was long rumored that a secret system of matching saxophone reeds accounted for the unique Lombardo liquid tone. Once a visiting musician saw a Lombardo player slip a piece of blotting paper under his reed to dry it. The word spread through the music world that the way to get

FROM NOW ON I'M USING THE CLEANSER THAT'S *fast! easy! safe!*

You're in for a big surprise if you've never cleaned your bathtub with Bon Ami. No scratchy grit to dull the surface—or make cleaning harder. No harsh caustics to make your hands red and rough. Yet Bon Ami quickly banishes every trace of dirt and grime. Leaves porcelain and enamel surfaces spotless, and scratch-free. Yes, Bon Ami is fine, white, *safe!*

And it's fast and easy, too! Actually polishes as *it* cleans! Use it in your bathroom and kitchen, on windows, mirrors, metal fixtures, too. Try Bon Ami just once, and see how much better it is!

Choose either convenient form: Bon Ami Powder in the handy, sifter-top can, or long lasting Bon Ami Cake.

BON AMI
"hasn't scratched yet!"

the Lombardo tone was to stick a piece of paper in your sax mouthpiece. An English player wrote in that he had discovered the secret and was using it himself: a quart of warm milk poured through the instrument before each session.

One instrumental statistic is that a Lombardo drummer uses up two sets of sticks a year. A swing drummer knocks out 200 sets in the same time.

Dewey Bergman, who did the band's arrangements for several years, came as near as anyone to getting into words what it is that's special about the Lombardo band. He said: "Guy plays so softly you can talk above the music. There's a tone color in the music that no other band has produced. No instrument ever strains; the music is in a singable range. The musicians sort of sing as they play; they always know the lyrics, and the saxophone players make use of vibrato in their throats.

"Guy believes Jerome Kern, Victor Herbert, Dick Rodgers, Cole Porter and Irving Berlin know how to write music, and he doesn't attempt to improve on them.

"He gets into the melody quick, never holds it back with long introductions, and the brilliant variations come only after the tune is well established in your mind. And always his singers sing the lyrics so you can understand every word."

And what's even more important than understanding every word is the fact that the whole world seems to understand every Lombardo musical emotion. It may be corn, but it listens good, a cool, green million dollars a year's worth. ★

Sailer's Son

Continued from page 19

beat ye. 'Twas Patrick Cavan, the saints curse him."

Agincourt? The gamblers, Ajax Smith and his crowd, had backed Agincourt plenty that day. The gamblers had known just what they were doing. It could have been, if you wanted to give him a break, that Paddy Cavan hadn't, precisely.

Cavan had gotten above himself, what with the adulation of the racing world and the news hawks writing him up as the greatest of all jockeys. Nor had he a good head for alcohol and, despite the money he conned, a dime in his jeans ever. He was a soft touch for smooth talkers like Ajax Smith. So the Sailer got away to a phony start, scarcely a start at all. And Agincourt got written into the books as the Sailer's conqueror. And Paddy Cavan was suspended for life by the stewards.

Life! A long time in anybody's language.

Colonel Gresham's fingers closed on Cavan's shoulder; jerked him away from the Sailer. I thought he was going to shake him like a rat. He didn't. But he gave Cavan a push that sent him stumbling.

"You've got your nerve," the Colonel roared, "even to touch a horse of mine."

Kathy ranged up alongside me. "Father's doing this badly," she whispered.

Cavan made an odd little movement. "Okay, Colonel. But I was leadin' today. And I know more about the Sailer than any man livin'. Didn't I bring Himself in eighteen times runnin' and him breezin' every time? And didn't I get to know him in all them races? You and Requardt can breed horses, Colonel. And train 'em. But until you've rode 'em, you'll never know 'em. Well, I ain't rode this colt. But I've watched him all season. And he's the old man over again. Looks like him, acts like him. And he don't like hoofs in front of him, no more than the big guy did. And, take it or leave it, but young Flickinger's been lettin' him see a lot too many."

The Colonel merely stared.

"Also, Colonel, the Chiswick Hart crowd's entered three horses for the Tamplyn. Looks like they want to win, don't it?"

Requardt had had enough. "Go peddle your information elsewhere, Cavan. We're not buying."

"I ought to of known." Cavan's eyes were bitter. "A guy makes a mistake once. And that's the end of him." For the last time he looked pleadingly at the Colonel. "He don't get another chance, eh, Colonel?"

Colonel Gresham's teeth clicked. "Not here, Cavan."

Paddy Cavan shrugged and walked away.

I WENT off at the same time, having something to do in the stables. When I got back Hell Weevil had taken the Sailer's Son in. The Colonel and Requardt, pipes glowing, were absorbed in horse talk. Kathy had disappeared.

But when I went to the house for lunch she was stretched in a glider on the lawn. I sat beside her and ruffed up her light bright hair. "Baxter is going to have a beautiful wife," I said. "Lucky Baxter."

"I wouldn't know about Baxter's wife." Kathy said. "But he's got a mad fiancée right now. Jim, Father treated that man abominably."

"Cavan?" I said. "He's just a cheap crook."

She eyed her toes. "Men!" She sniffed it. "No intuition. Father could have listened."

"For my dough he listened overtime."

"Yes, but with a closed mind. He might have learned something. Darn it, Jim, the Sailer's Son is my horse. Father gave him to me the day he was dropped."

"Okay," I said. "But if you've any sense in that lovely blond head you'll keep Paddy Cavan away from him."

Her eyes were troubled. "Maybe. But the little man was trying to—to get something over."

"Yeah." I sniffed then. "Something to make Ajax Smith and that gang a hatful of money."

She looked at me scathingly. "Men!" she repeated. "It's a—a coalition."

I said: "It's a woman's world. They own everything. Look at you! You're even laying claim to the Sailer's Son."

"Oh, go fry fish!" said Kathy.

THE NEXT week we shipped to Hunterdon Springs, where the Tamplyn is run. I like that courteous old town with its wide elm-shaded streets and the huge frame hotels reminiscent of the '90's. And I figured to wander along those streets in the evenings, with Kathy and no one else.

I'm a dreamer, I am.

The race crowd was there, up for the Tamplyn, and Kathy knew everybody, and everybody wanted some of Kathy's time.

But we did manage one stroll along the dark old thoroughfares. Only that time we had the benefit of the Colonel's society. He'd stood us dinner at the Grand Continental, and after it he hung around, even when, rather pointedly, I suggested a walk in the sweet-smelling night.

What's ahead...

...for him

Every father dreams of giving his son the advantages he, himself, may have missed. High school, certainly . . . university, perhaps . . . and afterwards the sort of start that ensures his not having to take the first dead-end job that comes along. But these things take money — and how can you be sure it will be available when most needed?

There is a Mutual Life of Canada plan that enables you to safeguard your child's future now. Consult our local representative. Explain your circumstances and desires to him and let him tell you how this special Mutual plan will give him his right educational start and financially assist him in future years, as well.

Protection at Low Cost

THE MUTUAL LIFE of CANADA

HEAD OFFICE 80th YEAR WATERLOO ONT

MM-21

Babies Take Notice

HEINZ INTRODUCES 2 NEW PRE-COOKED BABY CEREALS

Mothers, take Notice too!

Heinz new Baby Cereals are pre-cooked to save mother's time. Just add hot milk or formula and stir. Both cereals are smooth in texture, free from lumps, light and fluffy and are completely and quickly digested. Both contain a liberal supply of vitamins and minerals important to baby's health.

HEINZ PRE-COOKED CEREAL FOOD—Three choice grains—wheat, corn and oats—blended by an exclusive process. To build strong teeth and straight bones, calcium has been added. For healthy blood, iron has been included, and certain members of the Vitamin B complex.

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The Colonel thought that a fine idea. He flexed his biceps, filled his lungs and stepped out. Kathy and I trailed along.

Of course we talked horses and the Colonel got wound up. He strode a bit ahead of us, laying down the law. But all at once he stopped dead. "Look there!" he exclaimed, pointing. "Birds of a feather."

Across the street, outlined in the beam of an arc light, a tall dark figure moved. It seemed to skulk, and there was something vaguely sinister about it. At its heels, almost trotting to keep pace with those long slinky strides — Paddy Cavan.

I whistled softly. Ajax Smith, notorious as gambler and race fixer. His presence meant no good for somebody.

"And you," the Colonel addressed Kathy sharply, "wanted me to listen to Cavan. Well, see for yourself the company he keeps."

"I know," Kathy sounded stubborn. "It looks bad. But everybody deserves a break."

The Colonel humphed. "Don't worry, Cavan'll make his own breaks. With plenty of help from a very shady crew."

I don't know why the sight of Smith and Cavan made me so uneasy. I'm used to seeing unsavory characters. They're a dime a dozen at any race meeting. But these two hobnobbing, after Cavan's visit to us—well, I just didn't like it.

So when we got back to the hotel I left Kathy with the mob and went out again. I thought I'd do a little checking up.

I SCOURED the town, but Smith and Cavan weren't anywhere around. I did meet young Flickinger, the Sailer's jock, however. The meeting left me even more uneasy.

Flickinger's just a kid and the Lord made little of him. Among other things He forgot to throw in a chin, and instinctively I distrust chinless men. Likewise, Flick seemed a bit uncomfortable at running into me. He was affable, but obviously in a hurry to be on his way. I wondered where that way might lead.

After he'd gone I went over the other riders in my mind. I was considering recommending a change of jockeys, just to play safe. But I discarded the notion. There wasn't anyone else who could handle the Sailer's Son like Flickinger. Besides, I was beginning to brand myself as a hysterical old woman. After all, I hadn't an earthly reason to suspect Flick of skullduggery merely because he breathed the same air as Cavan and Ajax Smith.

The night before the race there was a dance at the Grand Continental. I managed half the first number with Kathy before losing her. Thereafter, as usual, my gal became the belle of the ball and I was superfluous. So I did a few duty dances, then went to the bar. Some of the lads were there and I was gone quite a time. When I got back I couldn't find Kathy.

I didn't find her for the rest of that party, either. She'd simply evaporated. But I made only casual enquiries, not wishing to appear the possessive fiancé. The enquiries fell flat. No one had seen her leave or knew where she was.

Finally I went up to her room. But her door was locked and my raps went unanswered.

IN CONSEQUENCE I was pacing the hotel veranda long after the festivities ended. At precisely one a.m. Kathy's blue roadster pulled up. Out stepped Kathy, alone.

"You look like an irate father, Jim," she said.

"Where have you been?" I replied.

She squinted her sea-blue eyes, wrinkled the charming Gresham nose. "Wouldn't you like to know, just!"

Which was all I got for all my stewing around.

I WOKE next morning to a jangling telephone. Requardt wanted me at the stables immediately, just why he wouldn't say over the wire, but I sensed trouble in his voice.

I got there in nothing flat and found Requardt and Flickinger. Flick looked like something hot off a mangle.

He was oyster-colored, with green and yellow tinges. He was also unsteady, jittery.

Requardt waved at him in disgust. "This beauty picked last night, of all nights, to get drunk. I called you," he continued, "to see if we can cover up for him. He's been a good boy till now and I don't want to hurt his chances. But if the Colonel—"

He didn't need to go on. If Colonel Gresham ever found a jockey of his in this condition on race morning, the Lord help that jockey.

I gazed at the shaking specimen. "One thing's sure. He can't ride."

"Cernly can," Flickinger mumbled. "Pritchard will ride," Requardt announced, decisively.

"I don't think so, Bert."

We whipped around. Kathy stood there, feet planted firmly, chin just as firm.

"The Sailer's Son," said Kathy, "is my horse. Flick's always ridden him and he's going to today. I don't want a thing said about this to Father and I'll take full responsibility."

"You're crazy—" I began.

"Shut up, Jim! Well, Bert?"

Requardt tussled with himself. Naturally, he wanted Flick to ride. No one else knew the horse half so well. But I knew he doubted Flick's ability to pull himself together in time, after what must have been a man-sized bender. "We-e-ll," he said, slowly, "you seem—"

"If you mean 'determined,' I am." Kathy's wide mouth set.

REQUARDT gave in. But he eased his conscience by throwing up his hands. "Okay. It's your responsibility."

Well, Kathy and I went to work on Flickinger. We sent for black coffee, poured it into him. Then I, personally, tossed him into a shower and got him to bed. And, all the while, no explanation out of him. He was either afraid or ashamed to tell me what had happened. But I didn't press him. I was too busy sobering him.

Sober he was, too, in the paddock, before race time. But still white and drawn under his peaked cap.

"Well," I said nervously to Kathy, "you wanted it this way."

"It had to be this way," Kathy said firmly.

The Sailer's Son cut up at the post as usual. While Flickinger quieted him, I looked the other starters over. Particularly the Chiswick - Hart Stable's three entries. Barchester, Henchman and Polaris. Polaris, that rangy black, was our enemy today.

THEY got off to a good start. Polaris, in the middle, swarmed into the lead with his stablemate, Barchester, coming fast along the rail. The Sailer's Son hung on the heels of Polaris, Flickinger naturally hounding the horse we had to beat. The rest of the field bunched behind. They took the first turn in a pinwheel of color.

Around the turn Barchester moved. He had the inside and he grabbed the lead. But Polaris was only a length back. And there was a gap between

those two Chiswick-Hart horses and Flickinger had the Sailer's Son just off the mouth of the gap. Any second now he might shoot through the opening.

Barchester didn't worry me. Obviously, he was the pacemaker for Polaris. He'd fold in the back stretch. Then Polaris would make his bid.

It was going to be a two-horse race, all right, the way we'd figured. It was that even now, with the others dropping behind and Barchester only up there temporarily.

I had the glasses tight to my eyes. I saw the Sailer's Son start for that opening. But somehow I caught the idea that it was the horse himself, rather than Flickinger, who was anxious, desperately anxious, to get through it. "He don't like hoofs in front of him." Where had I heard that before?

Before I could remember my heart hit my throat.

It happened like lightning. Polaris' jockey swung his mount to the left, half closing the gap. At the same instant something exploded out of the rack.

Exploded rocketlike, came with a rush. Henchman, a little strong-legged bay, and Henchman was running, as Polaris had never run. He went by on the outside, a bright streak.

All at once I got the pattern. The Chiswick-Hart outfit had kept a dark horse well under cover. But it was Henchman, not the touted Polaris, who carried their hopes and their money.

Which wasn't all. Flickinger, intent on Polaris, was riding into a trap. In another stride he'd be boxed between Barchester and Polaris.

I yelled then, frantically, futilely, the way you yell when danger threatens and you're powerless to do anything. But the sound froze on my lips. Out there, with that pocket yawning, something was wrong. Definitely wrong.

It looked as if Flickinger, carefully and surreptitiously, was pulling the Sailer's Son. Momentarily the ginger-gold horse broke stride.

I tore the glasses from my eyes. I couldn't look. But a jumble of dismaying *thoughts crammed into my brain.* Cavan and his veiled hints! Flickinger drunk last night! Ajax Smith! Was it happening over again? *Was a fine horse being denied, as once another—*

Something gripped my arm. I wheeled. I'd forgotten Kathy. Now Kathy's face was tense, white.

"It's all right, Jim." The whisper slipped under the pandemonium around us. "It—it's just got to be."

I swung back to the track. I was in time to see Flickinger going far to the outside, away from that pocket. He'd lost precious distance; he was losing precious time. But he had his horse clear. And the Sailer's Son was off like a golden tornado. In a few great bounds he made Barchester and Polaris look sick.

I'd seen a lot of horses run. But, right there I realized that I'd never seen anything before. The Sailer's Son was three lengths behind Henchman entering the back stretch. Around the far turn, and on the outside at that, he'd cut it to two. It was one and a half as they started down the stretch.

Then two comets swam below us. Bay clashed with a flicker of gold. A length and a half became a length—half a length. And suddenly, over the uproar, I thought I heard a shrill silvery whistle.

I could have dreamed that. I could likewise have dreamed that the sound struck some deep atavistic reflex in a flying tawny body. But I didn't dream that tremendous spurt that pulled the Sailer's Son level, or the way Henchman faded, or that faint white grin on Flickinger's face.

Then there were no hoofs out front. Nothing, save the waiting wire. The Sailer's Son slugged his head once, and ran Henchman into the ground . . .

WE SAW a great horse into his stall that afternoon. But, leaving the stables, the Colonel's eyes bulged once again as at some horrendous spectacle.

The little man leaned against the building, sucking a straw.

"Y-you wanted me to come, Miss Kathy," he said, embarrassedly.

Kathy smiled. "You can thank Cavan, Father, for a swell ride. He told Flick just what to do. He's been—well, drilling him."

"How's that?" the Colonel barked.

"I knew," Kathy said, "that Cavan was sincere that day. But I could never have made you men believe it. So when you—or threw him out, I went after him. And Cavan told me he suspected that the Chiswick-Hart people would pull a trick. You see, he knew that Ajax Smith had bet heavily on Henchman."

"I couldn't be sure just what was up, though, Colonel," Cavan said. "So I told young Flickinger to stick with Polaris a while, but watch Henchman. And watch for a pocket, too. If he saw one, he was to go outside—quick. I wasn't afraid of losin' ground. Not with a son of the Sailer's. He could make it up all right. Neither him nor his old man are front runners, exactly. But they go best with nothin' ahead of 'em. Flick done like I said. He had a time keepin' the colt from gettin' himself tuxed. It ain't easy to hold back horses like that. But, all told, the kid turned in a great ride."

Kathy hesitated. "Cavan, Father, spiked a few plans of Ajax Smith's, too. You'll have to take my word for that. Cavan hung around with the Smith crowd. But he was all for us, every step of the way."

Naturally she couldn't amplify it then. She told me later. Smith had been set, with big talk and real money, to proposition Flickinger the night before the race. But Cavan got to Flick first and made Flick, who's easily led, unfit to hear propositions with a quart of whisky. And to make doubly sure he'd called the hotel and gotten Kathy out of that dance. They'd driven Flick, drunk as a monkey, to some tourist house outside the city and Cavan stayed the night with him. Crude, maybe, but the best Cavan could think of offhand. And pretty effective, at that.

The Colonel was silent a long time. At last, slowly: "I don't completely understand this, Cavan. But we seem to owe you something. And I—well, I know what I said the other day. But I always liked your way with horses. So if you've definitely turned over a—ah, new leaf, Reguardt could use—"

Cavan held up his hand. In that moment, despite his smallness, he assumed stature—and dignity. "No, Colonel. The likes of me don't belong around good horses. I slipped once. And I'd slip again, sometime. This here was just payin' off a debt," he smiled his rare smile—"to an old friend." ★

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Get a month's supply. Ask your grocer for Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast!

FROSTY FRUIT LOAF

Makes 3 Loaves

Measure into large bowl

2/3 cup lukewarm water

2 teaspoons granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

2 envelopes Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. In the meantime, scald

2/3 cup milk

Remove from heat and stir in

1/2 cup granulated sugar

1-1/4 teaspoons salt

6 tablespoons shortening

Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture. Stir in

3 well-beaten eggs

Stir in

3 cups once-sifted bread flour

and beat until smooth; stir in

2 cups mixture of washed and dried seedless raisins, quartered candied cherries and slivered mixed candied peels

Work in

3 cups more once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draughts. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough and divide into 3 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Shape into loaves, place in well-greased bread pans (4½" x 8½", top inside measure and 2¾" deep). Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 45-50 minutes. Cool and ice with Plain Icing.

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and beat until smooth.

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China's Red Ruler

Continued from page 20

China lies before the armies of Generals Lin Piao, Nieh Jung-chen, Chen Yi, one-eyed Liu Po-cheng and Chen Keng.

Up to now the West has known China through such figures as Chiang Kai-shek, the accomplished Madame Chiang and her relatives, Harvard-educated Dr. T. V. Soong (brother) and Dr. H. H. Kung (brother-in-law). The Red sweep through China brings to the forefront a new cast headed by Mao Tze-tung and including such new leaders as General Chou En-lai, the party's ablest negotiator and diplomat; the squat, weather-beaten General Chu Teh, commander-in-chief of the Red Army; the slender, silent Liu Shao-chi, directing boss of party affairs; and the chess-playing Jen Pi-shih, whose field is economics and finance.

Apart from the new group of leaders, the process of revolution involves a new historical era, a new set of values and a new international political orientation for a land containing one fifth of the world's population. Domestically, Mao has a modified Communist program. Internationally, he is lined up solidly behind Russia in the cold war.

After the Communist conquest of Manchuria, Mao, by this time Communism's top figure in Asia, bowed to the world leadership of Soviet Russia in an article commemorating the 31st anniversary of the Bolshevik October Revolution.

"After the victory of the second World War," he wrote, "American imperialism and its running dogs in various countries replaced Fascist Germany, Italy and Japan, and are frenziedly preparing a new World War menacing the whole world. They reflect the extreme rottenness of the capitalist world and its panic in the face of impending extinction. This enemy still has its strength. Hence, all revolutionary forces of all countries must unite with each other. They must organize an anti-imperialist united front headed by the Soviet Union, and pursue a correct policy. Otherwise, there can be no victory."

He Denounced "Extremism"

Although Mao adheres to the Marxist philosophy and follows the world Communist line on international issues, he differs essentially from the Bolshevik approach in Russia by emphasizing the peasant instead of the worker as the prime "revolutionary force." But in 1945 the Chinese Communist Central Committee decided to shift the party's centre of gravity from the rural areas into the cities. The city policy is, however, still in its infancy.

Successes thus far attained by the Reds are explained primarily by their ability to channel the landless peasant's hunger for the land into military power for the overthrow of Chiang Kai-shek's party and the absentee-landlord system it came to represent.

The Reds have built a tight, well-knit organization, with a security network headed by Moscow-trained Kang Sheng and a system of "listener groups" to ferret out subversive elements.

The peasant who represents 80% of China's vast population is going to more meetings than he ever attended in his life. He votes by throwing beans into bottles bearing the names of local candidates, and is encouraged to speak out at meetings held before massive portraits of Mao and General Chu Teh. The well-disciplined Red Army has been taught not to take so much as a "needle or a button" from the peasants, and the soldiers go out into the fields to help bring in the harvest when they are not fighting.

But in the last analysis the party rules. In Central China the Red motto goes: "The officer fears the soldier, the soldier fears the people, the army and people fear the party."

Mao wants his "New Democracy" to be an interim modified capitalist society based on state planning and economic collaboration among peasants who till their own land, small independent merchants, bankers and industrialists, and a rising working class. According to his blueprint this is to be accompanied by a coalition government which expresses this economic relationship.

In a speech denouncing "left extremism," Mao recently declared: "The objects that the new democratic revolution are to eliminate are only feudalism and monopoly capitalism, only the landlord class and the bureaucratic bourgeoisie—the big bourgeoisie, not capitalism in general and not the petty bourgeoisie and middle bourgeoisie. Because of the backwardness of China's economy, it will still be necessary to permit the existence for a long period of the capitalist economy represented by the broad petty bourgeoisie and the middle bourgeoisie even after the nation-wide victory of the revolution."

Mao's record, however, stands as overwhelming evidence that he is a dyed-in-the-wool Communist, prepared to be as radical as he needs to be.

There has been little room for sentimentality in applying the "correct line." When he went to Peiping in 1919 as a poverty-stricken student, Mao came under the wing of Professor Chen Tu-hsiu, who became the first leader of the Chinese Communist Party in 1921. Now Mao dispassionately calls his own professor a "traitor."

Later in 1930, after he himself had been expelled from the party for his "peasant foolishness," Mao helped cast from power a fellow Hunanese, one Li Li-san, who was accused of almost wrecking the party with an "incorrect ultraleftist" policy. Li Li-san went to Moscow and stayed there until he returned to Manchuria with the Soviet Army in 1945. Now Li is a "political advisor" to Manchuria and once more a member of the Central Committee headed by Mao.

Most of what is known about Mao as a leader and as a personality goes back to the Japanese war, when foreigners were welcomed at Yenan, had access to Red luminaries and usually departed with such gifts as a sheepskin coat and a bottle of tiger bone wine. Now Mao has become a far remote symbol inside and outside the Party.

The idealistic good fellowship of the lean days in Yenan has been replaced by the grim atmosphere of a powerful machine and a harsh fanatic anti-"American Imperialism."

Mao Read Darwin Before Marx

Even in the days when he was accessible to outsiders, he was seen as a complex man. He was the stolid Mao, the reserved figure who stepped off the plane in Chungking; the down-to-earth Mao, who wore rough peasant clothes in Yenan, ate coarse peasant food, tended his own tobacco patch and once removed his trousers in the heat of the day to keep cool during a military conference; the intellectual Mao, the omnivorous reader, theorist and strategist, who wrote lucid political tracts, codified rules for guerrilla warfare and talked with an extremely crafty logic leavened by touches of humor; and the mystical Mao, who was often unapproachable even by some of his aides while he was working out his plans for the future.

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Like many other Communist leaders Mao prefers to work through most of the night and start his day around noon. He smokes like a furnace and used to have a respectable capacity for kaoliang spirits. In Yenan he drove himself so hard his two Russian doctors finally advised him to ease up.

Mao is not a scholar in the old Chinese tradition, but he is a well-educated and well-read man. Long before he discovered Karl Marx, he had read Adam Smith, Darwin, John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. As a youth he disliked the Chinese classics and preferred Chinese historical romances. But he learned the classics, nevertheless. While in Chungking he was able to meet older Chinese on their own ground by quoting Confucius and Mencius to them.

Mao was born in 1893 at Shao Shan, a small village near Changsha, capital of Hunan Province. The Hunanese have a reputation in China for their honesty, hot food, hot tempers and fighting qualities. Mao was the son of a peasant who by backbreaking labor and penny-pinching shrewdness rose from a debtor farmer to a "rich" peasant owning about four acres. The old man added to his income as a grain dealer and moneylender.

Mao was one of four children — three sons and a daughter. He detested his narrow-minded father, Mao Jen-sheng, but was fond of his mother, Wen Chi-mei, a Buddhist and local do-gooder.

During his boyhood, which coincided with the beginning of the collapse of the Manchu Dynasty, Mao witnessed his first uprising in Changsha, when famine drove the citizenry to an attack on the governor's headquarters. The revolt was quickly crushed by the governor's successor, and young Mao watched as the decapitated heads of the ringleaders were paraded down the streets on pikestaffs. In some parts of China this is still standard procedure to inspire respect for authority.

Mao cut off his own pigtail to remove this symbol of subservience to the Manchus. He was at school in Changsha in 1911, when the Manchu garrison revolted at Wuchang in an uprising that sounded the death knell of the Manchu Dynasty and began the new republican era.

After six months in the Republican Army, he entered the Hunan First Provincial Normal School in 1912, where he took his teaching degree. He shunned the normal pleasures of youth with a haughty disdain, and in 1919 he borrowed money from some friends and went to Peiping where professors were calling for political reforms.

Leader of the "Long March"

When he was 14, Mao's family affianced him by contract to a Hunan peasant girl, but this marriage was never consummated. His first love was a professor's daughter, Yang K'ai-hui, whom he later married. She became a Communist, and in 1930, with Mao's sister, was executed in Hunan by an anti-Communist governor.

Mao then married Ho Tze-nien, a former schoolteacher and party organizer, and later the attractive Lan P'ing, a former Shanghai movie actress who joined the Communists in Yenan. He has three children, including a son who was educated in Moscow.

While a student, Mao came under the influence of Librarian Li Ta-chao and Professor Chen Tu-hsiu, who had organized a "Society for the Study of Marxism." He read the first Chinese translation of the Communist Manifesto, and became a devoted disciple of Marx. At 28, with 11 others, he participated in the historic Shanghai meeting at which the party was established in May, 1921.

The years 1921 to 1927 constituted the period of the Comintern "specialists," who came from Moscow to guide the new party and steer it through an ill-fated coalition with Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang.

The coalition collapsed in April, 1927. Later a Moscow-sponsored coalition collapsed and the Comintern "specialists" departed. Only then did Mao get a chance to strike out on his own.

Between the winter of 1927 and fall of 1928 Mao set up his rural Soviet Republic and whipped together the nucleus of a Red Peasant Army based on a new Communist capital in Kiangsi Province. Meanwhile, the Central Committee remained in Shanghai. Hunted by Chiang Kai-shek, the committee finally had to flee Shanghai in 1931 and seek refuge with Mao's regime in the Kiangsi mountains. By October, 1934, when the Reds started their "Long March" to Northwest China, Mao was in the saddle with his own political team.

Two members of Mao's secretariat, Generals Chu Teh and Chou En-lai, have been closely associated with Mao since the Kiangsi days.

The square-set, 63-year-old Chu Teh was born into a wealthy landlord family in Szechuan. He attended a military academy, participated in the revolution against the Manchus and later grew rich as Commissioner of Finance in Yunan. Then, in a startling conversion, he released his concubines, cured himself of the opium habit and went to Germany to study. Here he became a Communist.

A Long Journey Ahead

The handsome Chou En-lai, who looks younger than his 50 years, is probably the best-known of all Communist leaders outside of Red China. He has represented the party for years in negotiations with Chiang, and is the most logical contender for the position of foreign minister in a Communist coalition. On one occasion in 1946, when U. S. General George C. Marshall arranged for the appointment of Kuomintang and Communist subcommittees to iron out a problem, the government immediately named three men and the Communists named only Chou En-lai. "Don't worry about that," Marshall told an American correspondent. "Chou can handle the three of them."

Some people believe that a Red China might go its own way just as Marshal Tito has in Yugoslavia.

But much depends on how far Russia pushes the Chinese Communists. If there is any prospect of Mao becoming a Tito, it has not yet shown itself in concrete terms. In fact, Mao was one of the first Communist leaders to back up the Cominform in its denunciation of Tito.

Mao must be pondering the gigantic task of pulling a backward nation of more than 450 million people up by its own bootstraps. He proposes to industrialize China. But there are the problems of overpopulation, slim capital surpluses, an over-all shortage of administrators and technicians, and an acute need for imported industrial equipment and petroleum. The cold war is alienating Red China from the Western World which provided the technical skills and credits that helped Russia through its own early five-year plans. Can Russia, which is still building up its own heavy industry, offer enough aid to make a *pro-Russian* Communist China work?

"The achievement of revolutionary victory is just the first step," Mao observed recently. "The journey after the revolution is longer and the work more difficult and strenuous." ★

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The quick, easy way to bandage a blister

There'll Always Be An Ulster

Continued from page 14

coast will take an hour longer."

We said we would prefer the coast but it would mean no lunch and we would arrive late.

"Don't worry," he said. "I'll send word. Your speech will sound just as good at 5 o'clock." In other words we were in Ireland, even if it was the North.

That drive by the coast must be one of the most rugged yet beautiful in the world.

"That's where King William landed," said the doctor, pointing to a grim castle. "A great day that was."

I asked him if things were peaceful in Ulster and he admitted that they were, so I pointed out that the Belfast police carried revolvers. "That's right," he said. "They carry revolvers. You'll meet our Home Secretary at Portrush and you'll notice that he is always guarded by a couple of plain-clothes chaps. Don't take any notice."

At 6 o'clock that evening, having duly delivered my address to the political school, a few of us retired to a private room for appropriate refreshment. The party consisted of the Home Secretary (a pensive, handsome, grey-haired fig ure), five or six local Ulster M.P.'s and a couple of Imperial Ulster M.P.'s. And, of course, the conversation was about the newly created Republic of Eire and the possible repercussions upon the partition.

"Is the cleavage between Catholics and Protestants as deep as ever?" I asked.

"It is," they replied.

"I'll tell you a true story," said Colonel Sam Houghton, who sits at Westminster. "In 1944 a fellow in Belfast rushed into a pub and shouted to the bartender: 'The Royal Ulsters have entered Rome!' The bartender leaned forward. 'And did they get him?' he asked."

Then he told another story dating back to the abdication of Edward VIII. A Belfast man saw one of his friends looking gloomy and asked the reason. "The King's off the Throne," said the gloomy one, "my horse was beaten yesterday by a short head, and the Pope's recovering. It's a bad day for Ulster."

Only the Cops Co-operate

There was much laughter as the colonel told these stories, but my mind went back to boyhood days in Toronto when my grandfather rode a white horse as King William on the 12th of July, and when my saintly grandmother told us that it was the Pope that had caused the San Francisco earthquake. As far as Ulster is concerned the situation has not advanced from those standards.

I make no comment. England has become a country of such infinite compromise that perhaps we who live there have lost the capacity for relentlessness. It is startling, it is disturbing, but it is also invigorating to find men who believe so deeply that logic is as ineffective as spray slapping a rock.

"But you will agree," I said, "that the partition of Ireland is a most unhappy thing, and that both the North and South would benefit if it were abolished?"

They said that it was even so.

"Then what is the solution?" I asked.

They answered that there is no solution.

You will be interested to learn that from the time in 1921 when Ireland was partitioned into Ulster and the Free State there has never been a written communication from a Minister on one side of the border to his opposite number. Nor has any Ulster Minister ever met or talked with a Minister in the South. Eire has no representative in Belfast nor has Ulster a representative in Dublin. The only liaison is in the police of the two sections.

Later that evening the Home Secretary told me that he knew the North was not putting its case well to the world.

"Yet what do we ask?" he said. "We ask for and claim the right to remain within the United Kingdom, to be loyal to the King and at his service in peace or war. In the war our ports were open to the British while Eire's ports were closed. Churchill said publicly that if our ports had been denied to the British the Germans might have won the war with their submarines.

"Yet our enemies and even our friends say that our loyalty is just obstinacy. They say that there is something wrong with us because we remain true to the Protestant faith and to the British Throne. We didn't force the partition on Ireland. It was the South that did that by demanding to be made a Free State.

Again and again I asked if there was not some solution. Each time I got the same answer: "There is no solution."

An All-Ireland Parliament?

But reason joins with passion in crying out against this ridiculous severance of a tiny island into two political and economic units. Take for example the superb train, "Enterprise," which does the nonstop journey from Belfast to Dublin in exactly two hours. Because Britain has nationalized its railways this beautiful train is nationalized in Ulster. But as soon as it crosses the border it becomes denationalized.

Before you get on the train your luggage is examined by Ulster customs officers to see that you are taking nothing out. When you reach Dublin it is examined again to see that you are bringing nothing in.

In the North the income tax is the same as the English, the full amount being paid to the British Treasury with certain refunds for essential services. The famous National Health Act is in being in Ulster as it is in Britain.

Across the border the income tax is less and the social services are not much more than gestures. In the Republic of Eire there are tariffs which are intended to sustain and nourish Irish industries but in the end the people have to buy from the industrial North, with the result that they are forced to pay a price which includes the duties.

What is the effect of all this? The population of the Protestant North is growing because there is opportunity there for the workers. In the Catholic South, despite the large families, the population is dwindling because the farm workers have been drawn to industries which are not yet efficient, ended by crossing to England where wages are now on a high level.

Yet the position of Ulster is equally full of paradox. From the date of the partition the Unionist Party has been in power, preaching a relentless individualism and a loathing of all forms of Socialism. That same Government now finds itself as a mere agency of the British Labor Government, forced by the British connection to enforce Socialism and nationalization upon a people which has steadfastly voted against such measures. All the eight Ulster Unionists who sit in the British House of Commons speak and vote against Mr. Attlee's Government, while at home their party dutifully carries out what Mr. Attlee decrees.

Would it not then be better for Ulster to declare an act of faith in Ireland as a united country, to keep its present Belfast Parliament but transfer to an All Ireland Parliament in Dublin those powers at present held by the Imperial Parliament in London? There would be no obstruction of any kind from Westminster.

We take the view that just as Eire is free to declare itself a Republic and secede from the Commonwealth, so is Ulster free to remain a component part of the United Kingdom or join with Eire in the new republic.

But on no account will we coerce Ulster. That is out of the question. Not only will we leave Ulster as the master of its soul, but in recognizing Eire as a free republic we have decreed that no one shall have voting powers in Ulster who has not lived there for a minimum of three months. That is to prevent the Southern Irish from deciding to emigrate to the North in large numbers at a convenient period before an election.

On one occasion Great Britain did try to coerce Ulster, and the memories have not yet died. It was in the spring of the fateful year of 1914 when Mr. Asquith's Liberal Government decided to enforce Home Rule which had been demanded through years of strife and bloodshed by the South.

The Ulster volunteers sprang to arms and there was heavy gunrunning into the northern ports. The British Army stationed in the South at the Curragh was ordered to stand by to deal with the rebellious Ulstermen. As soon as the order was received there was widespread mutiny, not merely among the soldiers but even the generals.

Still Some Revolutionaries

The famous F. E. Smith, afterward Lord Birkenhead, went from Westminster to join the Ulstermen as a galloper. Not only Ireland but Britain would have been split into warring factions.

And then came the declaration of war against Germany. Mr. Redmond, the leader of the Irish Party at Westminster, became the chief recruiting officer in the South. Men of Belfast and men of Dublin marched side by side into the flames of war in Europe. Yet even as they marched and fought and died in a great unity of patriotism the underground leaders in the South were beginning to plan the stab in the back which is known as the Easter Rebellion of 1916.

Many of those men were executed as traitors, a fact which cannot take from them their bravery or their fanatical devotion to an ideal. Revolutionaries are not, like the mule, denied progeny. There are desperate men still in Eire who say that the partition was enforced by Britain, maintained by Britain and that Ulster is no more than a mercenary paid with British money.

So the police of Belfast carry revolvers and the Home Secretary is guarded day and night by armed men. Therefore I decided to go to Dublin, to sense the atmosphere and have a full, frank talk with the new Prime Minister, Mr. Costello, who ended the long rule of Mr. de Valera and led Eire into republicanism and out of the Commonwealth.

But just a minute. Dr. Rodgers wants to tell me another story. "An Ulsterman I know," he says, "declared to me the other day that he would die for Protestantism. 'But would ye die for Christianity?' I asked. 'Ah,' he says, 'that's another matter.'"

And thus we took the "Enterprise" to Dublin and here we are in the Royal Hibernian Hotel of that city. Of all that happened I shall give you true account in the next issue of Maclean's. ★

Edmonton: A Boom at The Crossroads

Continued from page 13

The city's size strains utilities to the limit. Only 75 of Edmonton's 450 miles of streets are paved. This makes it a muddy city in spring and fall, a dusty one in summer. Sewers can't keep up with population and homes nudging the city limits must make do with outdoor privies and hand-pumped water. All utilities except gas are city-owned and profits help keep the tax rate down.

Street numbers are astronomical (example: 10358 127h St., but they serve to tell the puzzled stranger exactly where he is in the big, flat town.

Edmonton's ponderous size is the result of the overambitious period of expansion which ended in the crazy land boom of 1912. In those days Edmonton boosters were predicting a population of half a million by 1920. This has left its mark on the city and helped make "boom" a naughty word in Edmonton.

It started early in 1911. By the year's end alarm clocks were jangling continuously in the crowded real-estate offices to attract the throngs of speculators who answered the chalked signs to "Come In And Get Your Feet Wet." Lots on Jasper Avenue sold as high as $2,000 a front foot. One Ruston grain merchant on his way to California stopped off briefly, made himself $600 in four hours and never left town. People bought lots sight unseen on cliffs, marshes, hillsides. In May, 1912, the Hudson's Bay Company subdivided its 6,000-acre reserve in the city's heart and put it on sale. Close to 5,000 people lined up outside the Gospel Hall to draw for the 1,500 lottery tickets which would give them the privilege of buying four lots apiece. One man turned down $1,500 for his place in line.

Speculators paid $50 for the first copy of the Edmonton Bulletin off the press which announced that farmer James Walsh, 928th in line, had drawn ticket No. 1. He turned down $27,000 for it, bought two lots at $25,000 each.

Beer Is for Men Only

Next year the bubble burst and 75,000 lots went back to the city in lieu of taxes. The city still has 22,000. The vast reserve stayed vacant for 25 years, a desolate area of scrub bush broken by the two-and-a-half-mile diagonal line of Portage Avenue (now Kingsway), a broad paved street with double-width sidewalks and streetcar tracks down which no streetcar has ever run. No houses were erected there until wartime cottages began to scar the land in 1943.

Ultimately the land boom was a godsend to Edmonton. The city's quiet - spoken mayor, Harry Dean Aylsay, points out that you can buy lots for $400 which speculators might otherwise be selling for $1,500. Revenue from these lots—a million a year—helps keep the mill rate down. And, thanks to the town's big open spaces, Edmonton has the only airport in Canada which is a five-minute taxi ride from the leading hotel.

A fur boom created Fort Edmonton in 1795. William Tomison, the "inland chief" of the Hudson's Bay Company, built his log fort a musket shot away from the rival Northwest Company 20 miles downstream from the city's present site. He named it after John Gilpin's city, his bosses' English home town.

A stubborn, unregular, strict Presbyterian, Tomison lost trade to his

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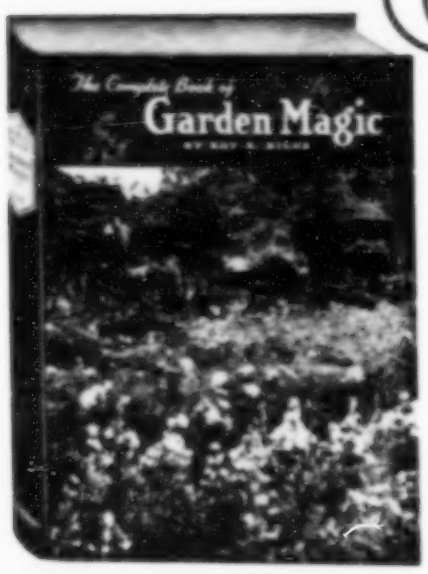

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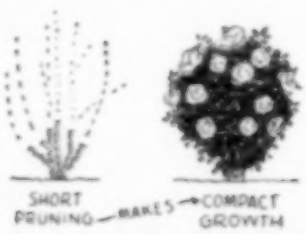

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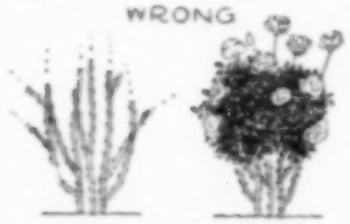

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rivals because he refused to sell liquor to the Indians. Significantly, Edmonton still bans hard liquor by the glass, and couples who want to drink beer together must go seven miles out of town to St. Albert.

Chief Factor John Rowland, who took over Fort No. 3 on the city's modern site in 1819, was a different breed. Contemporary accounts call his fort and stockade a "baronial castle." The factor's own house, "Rowland's Folly," was the most lavish establishment west of York Factory on Hudson Bay.

A fierce, lion - bold man, Rowland often successfully bearded hostile Indian chiefs in their own camps while alone and unarmed. He made more money for his company than any three of his colleagues, and when he died in 1854 Indians stole a piece of his heart to eat for courage. His bones, according to one tale, were shipped East in a barrel of rum at his own request.

Edmontonians are trying to forget that they tore down Rowland's famous fort and destroyed the original logs to make way for the Alberta Parliament Buildings in 1915.

In 1870 Methodist pastor George McDougall staked two claims for his church and Edmonton was incorporated as a village. The settlers began to trickle in. Hon. Frank Oliver brought his printing press by Red River cart, bought the first business lot for $25 in 1878 and founded the Edmonton Bulletin. (Sample news story: "Sitting Bull is again talking of going south.") Oliver lived to become a famous Edmonton figure and the only man who got away with profanity in the provincial Parliament.

When the Klondikers came through in 1898 the boom was on again. Edmontonians grew rich outfitting stampeders with everything from fur hats to wild range horses. Some of the stampeders stayed on: Texas Smith tried to make an amphibious train out of barrels, got nine miles, then quit.

Others came back. One was Joseph Andrew ("Fighting Joe") Clarke, who, before his death a few years ago, was able to boast that he'd run for some political office every nine months of his last 40 years.

In '98 Edmonton's population was 1,200. By 1901 it was 4,000. By 1910 it was 50,000. Then came the land boom and the end of a perfect decade.

The Call of Eldorado

Edmonton settled down reluctantly as Alberta's capital and second city, watched Calgarians go crazy over oil, and catered to its farmers and its quiet university-civil servant population.

Then the air age hit Edmonton. Bush pilot Wilfrid (Wop) May froze his lips and hands flying serum into a tiny diphtheria ridden Peace River town in January, 1928, and 10,000 citizens carried him shoulder-high from Edmonton's grass airfield. Next year the town voted itself a better airport, held Canada's first air show. Post and Gatty took the Winnie May off from Portage Avenue and established Edmonton as "The crossroads of the world."

Meanwhile a green and gold monoplane had taken prospector Gilbert LaBine into Great Bear Lake whose wild, rocky shores hid a fortune in silver and pitchblende. Nobody cared much about pitchblende, but some 200 prospectors laid out $350 apiece for charter trips to Great Bear when the news got out in 1932 that LaBine had a million dollars in silver ore near the surface. Today the Eldorado mine sends an estimated 700 tons of uranium concentrates a year through Edmonton.

With LaBine's Eldorado find as an incentive, prospectors poured through Edmonton to the North. A group of geologists on their way to Great Bear halted on Yellowknife Bay on Great Slave Lake. By 1936 the Yellowknife find had outclassed Eldorado and within three years pushed Edmonton's population ahead of Calgary's: in 1936 one company alone paid out $625,000 in work in the Yellowknife area.

Building permits in Edmonton doubled from month to month. The city's three largest department stores announced a million dollars each in new construction. Yet the second Yellowknife boom, in 1945, dwarfed the first: in that year more than 100 companies were probing the district, funneling 4,000 men through Edmonton, using 10 charter planes regularly as well as 25 private planes.

By this time the city had had its war boom. The "invasion" as it is now called began in 1942. The next year 42,000 American civilian and army personnel poured through town.

Molotov at the Airport

The Americans took over 59 office buildings, giving the city its highest tax income in history. G.I.'s outnumbered Canadians two to one on the streets and the odd high-booted Russian strolled down Jasper Avenue.

At the airport a plane landed every 10 seconds over a clocked two-and-a-half-hour period.

One worldcers Henry Wallace and Wendell Willkie stopped off in Edmonton. Molotov stayed at the airport overnight, took over a whole building with holes bored in the floor so he could see what went on underneath him, brought his own staff, own cooks, own food.

Individually and collectively the Yanks were spenders. One of them walked into a newsstand and bought $280 worth of fountain pens. One Sunday the U.S. Army flew two entire football teams, plus a 25-piece band clad in fur parkas, from Ladd Field, Alaska, and Butte, Montana. Cost for one game: $10,000.

Edmontonians prospered. One local refrigeration expert hurried back from the U.S. to his home town and an $800-a-month salary. His wife worked for the Americans for $250 a month. His 17-year-old son drew $300 plus overtime as an Alaska Highway grease-monkey. Baby sitters' pay jumped from 40 cents an hour to $1.25. Liquor sold for $35 a quart.

Through it all Edmonton kept its head, and when it was over reverted to its quiet ways. Two enterprising local newsmen put out a book on the Alaska Highway, sold 80,000 copies to Americans at $1 apiece. But the sale to Edmontonians was almost nil.

U.S. soldiers and civilians astonished and intrigued the citizenry by sporting parkas, mukluks, great checkered shirts and wolfskin caps. Edmontonians followed suit, but when the G.I.'s left went back to wearing ordinary winter overcoats and overshoes.

Today the city remains calm in the face of an oil boom that has upped Edmonton payrolls by an annual $10 millions. "Maybe this boom'll have fishhooks in it," says Walt Brown, the pioneer auctioneer, cautiously. "Maybe it's here to stay."

But to Edmontonians mixed farming is still the ace in the hole. Oil or no oil, livestock production in the district has doubled since 1941 to a hefty $70 millions. Boom or no boom, the grain yield is still 20 million bushels.

The farming community has helped make Edmonton a vast melting pot. West from the town lie solid German settlements. Southeast you get into Scandinavian territory. French dom-

rate the north; central Europeans the east.

There are more than 50 religious sects in Edmonton. In the space of a few city blocks off Kingsway 14 churches stand almost spire to dome.

The days are gone when big Ukrainian women in bright *babushkas* and bearded men in sheepskin coats headed north through Edmonton with their oxen and carts causing Forbes Robertson, the actor, to exclaim: "I've seen it! The very beginning of things!" But the former Baron Huene, a huge (6 foot 6) swarthy Russian ex-Royal Guardsman, drives his truck through town, and Lord Rodney, a big and beefy English nobleman, brings his potatoes in from Fort Saskatchewan.

Edmonton's most modern home is owned by Jim Louis, a Chinese who made a fortune in juke boxes, and here Canada's only Mohammedan mosque was built with money from Assyrians who grew rich in the fur trade.

Fur Rugby Eskimos $100,000

Some of Edmonton's polyglot farms hide strange treasures. An antique dealer visiting one of them found it housed 15 grandfather clocks. Rain dripped through the barn roof on genuine Sheraton, Hepplewhite and Chippendale furniture. Hens fed out of solid silver Queen Anne entree dishes.

The melting pot is at once a blessing and a drawback. It has given Edmonton a dignity and calm not always shared by rowdier Calgary. But it has made the city something less than community-minded. The town is rather a grab bag of small communities, each with its own culture. Even the Ukrainian community is split three ways. And South Edmonton, the old city of Strathcona across the river where the university is set, has little in common with the rest of the town.

Edmonton has yet to build a civic auditorium for itself. In 1946 the voters turned the idea down flatly. Last April Eleanor Roosevelt was shocked to find she was to speak in a pavilion built to judge prize cattle. Concert stars still sing in the acoustic chaos of McDougall United Church. Yet this year the citizens quickly raised $100,000 for a football club.

This is one of the paradoxes that spring from Edmonton's split personality. The town caters on one hand to bush pilots, trappers, mining and oilmen who think in terms of thousand-mile hops, on the other to farmers who know they must count every square yard. At the opening of the Legislature last February men in striped sweaters, ski jackets and working clothes looked down from the gallery to where Premier E. C. Manning sat, a blond, mild young Bible student, whose pulpit-thumping Daniel-style prophecies will soon be delivered from an Edmonton tabernacle.

Again, Edmonton, which is a great monument to private enterprise, has elected a socialist mayor for the last four years and long ago socialized its telephone system, water supply, power plant, streetcar and bus line, swimming pool, airport and golf course.

It has always been politically unpredictable. It sent Percy Page to the Legislature largely because he was the man who made the Edmonton Grads into an undefeated world's champion women's basketball team. In the hungry 30's it put "Fighting Joe" Clarke into office as mayor although Clarke was penniless, near relief, had no campaign funds whatsoever and was opposed by heavy political guns. ("I've just gotta be mayor," Clarke told one newsman. "I need the money.")

Today, both geographically and psychologically, there is more cohesion in the town. Ten thousand new homes are filling up the blank spaces and a third generation is blurring community lines. The chamber of commerce has built up from a weak membership of 343 in 1941 to a solid 1,200. Recently it boosted Edmonton onto the TCA main line.

And the unseen boom goes on in the golden city. Although civic expenditure has doubled in three years to $26 millions, unexpected taxes have kept the city's mill rate constant for seven years. In May the Army decided to make Edmonton its great arsenal for northern defense and announced an initial expenditure of $3 millions.

From the North the great stream of wealth still pours in: $2 millions in fish every year, $4 millions in furs, perhaps $9 millions in gold. For Edmonton wholesalers this means big orders. Sam Peffer, an Aklavik trader, for example, alone orders $125,000 worth of merchandise each year.

"Out of the Hay Days"

The Edmonton airport, which in 1943 set a world record for take-offs and landings, may break its own record by the year's end. Last April it chalked up 10,000 take-offs and landings on its three-mile-long runways. The story of the airport's development—one of Canada's most dramatic—will be told in the next issue of Maclean's. It is helping to make Edmonton a cosmopolitan city.

"We're out of the hay days and into the big-city stuff," says John (Mike) Michaels, proprietor of Jasper Avenue's famous Mike's Newsstand. Mike himself is a symbol of Edmonton's steadily growing prosperity. A Jewish newsboy from New York's Third Avenue, he came to Edmonton in 1911 and started selling papers. He married the daughter of a man who made a killing in the land boom. He built up his business, grubstaked many a prospector and trapper.

When the air age hit Edmonton he backed bush lines. He has been in on gold and uranium rushes, once ran a general store in Yellowknife. Now he's in oil.

Today one of Edmonton's prosperous, best-respected citizens, he helped organize the 1930 air show, sent his Edmonton Newsboys' Band on a European tour, still pours hot coffee for firemen called out on a night alarm. Mike looks back on almost 40 years of steady progression.

Like many an Edmontonian he is humble when discussing the war boom, he sums up Edmonton's story in a single sentence.

"The whole thing fell right in our matt," says Mike. ★

"Must you follow me every place?"

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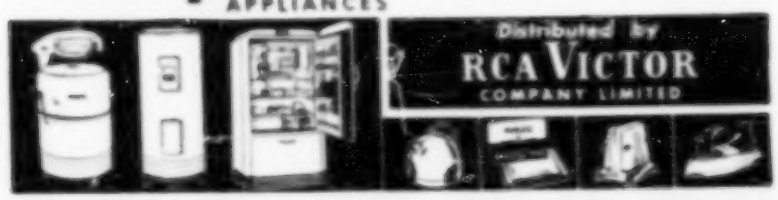

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T.E.S.-12

Blind Date with Fate

Continued from page 8

a militant unionist, a niggardly father, a soused husband who beats me, a tubercular son, a blond girl friend who betrays me daily and a boss who pats my bottom.

All of this I could bear, but my father who steals watches from jewelry stores and that married man who is going to get me in trouble are intolerable.

I have hope, however. In 23 cases out of 23 I was told that my life, up to now a ghastly mess, would begin to brighten immediately and that I would sail on in the future surrounded by adoring husbands, most of them tall and with that ubiquitous medium hair, adorable children, all of them talented musically, and doting loyal friends, none of them blond.

To peep into my fascinating future the seers employed cards—both ordinary playing cards and special fortunetelling cards—chunks of glass described as crystal balls, palmistry, psychoanalysis, intuition, tea leaves, an egg white dropped in a glass of water, astrology and a bowl of coarse sand which I stirred with my right hand.

One routine had me completely mesmerized. It was worked by a seedy ex-carnival man who calls himself a professor and reads a crystal within throwing distance of police headquarters. The professor employs a magic slate, of the type sold to children in the dime stores. You write on the outer sheet and the writing appears on the page beneath—it's erased by lifting the page.

The professor's magic slate was covered with leatherette and clamped to the top of it was a sheet of paper. "Write your name, the name of someone in whom you're interested and three questions," he commanded.

When I was through he gave me the paper to meditate over and glided out of the room with the slate. He returned a moment later and made a big show of throwing my piece of paper away unread.

"Let me see your left hand," he begins briskly. "Aaah, I can see your name in your hand. It is an unusual name, isn't it? It begins with a C—wait a moment, it's coming clearer. Your name is Callwood!"

I registered dutiful astonishment.

"Your first name is June," he added after a quick glance at my life line. "And my crystal will give me the name of your friend. It's coming now. It's an F. There it is—Frayne! Izzat correct?"

Closing his eyes, the shabby little man began to drone.

Things Bright in Your Favor

"I see this Frayne, his first name is Bill, isn't it? I see him plainly. He's older than you and wants to marry you very much. I see him begging you to marry him. He is medium tall, with an average build and a medium color of hair. He has a fairly good job, that's him, isn't it?" I knew it.

"Well, my dear, I would advise you to wait. You're only 21, aren't you?" The crystal shows it would be better for you to wait a year and then everything looks bright in your favor.

"Now, does your family approve of this Frayne? No? It's religion, isn't it? Drink, eh. I saw that in the crystal, of course, but I didn't know how serious it was. My dear, this man will stop his dissolute habits when you marry him this summer. Did I say wait a year? I erred, the crystal plainly says you should marry this man at once and everything will be bright in your favor."

"But, professor," I said with some anguish, "he's already married."

"Exactly," retorted the professor. "I was just going to ask what those legal papers I see in the crystal could mean. Obviously they are divorce papers. Bill will be free to marry you this fall and everything looks bright in your favor."

"But what about those girls he takes out, professor?"

"I saw them when I was reading your palm, my dear, but I didn't want to mention them. They mean nothing to him, nothing at all."

"Fine," I said, "and what about his children? Will I get along with them?"

The professor sighed. "Let me see," he said bending over his crystal. "Ah yes, I see that you will be very happy with his children. Two, aren't there?"

"Five."

The professor looked tired, but game. "Of course," he managed with a weak smile. "I see the other three now. I didn't notice them at first. You'll get along fine with them all and everything looks bright in your favor."

A card reader with a heavy foreign accent and an exhausted droop to her gaunt body told me later the same day that my husband is a snake in the grass, a black devil, who doesn't love me. A tall man with medium hair loves me madly, she revealed, and will soon claim me for his own. As a matter of fact the cards showed that he was already talking to an older man, probably a lawyer, on my behalf.

My next visit was with a small overstuffed British war bride who had broken teeth and long yellow nails that curled around the tips of her fingers. She read special fortunetelling cards and used psychiatry as well. This enabled her to tell me that my first husband (the one I had just divorced) was a bum. The next man in my life would be a vast improvement on this heel, she promised, but he too would bring me grief. The perfect man, an Adonis with medium hair, would be my third husband and we would be eternally happy.

She warned against trying to skip from my first husband to my third. This ruse would avail me nothing, she said sternly, because it was in my cards that I would be married three times.

A card with a drawing of pigs on it turned up at this seance and the dumpy little oracle interpreted this as meaning I had been among people not worthy of me.

I was interested therefore when the same card, the one with the pigs, was turned up by another swami the next morning. The augur this time was obese and myopic with a scarab tie clip to distinguish him from mortals. The card, he said, meant that good would come of evil—that's what the pigs always mean.

He also informed me that my fiancé, this Frayne guy, was a poor matrimonial risk, largely because of his criminal record which I reluctantly confessed and which the cards confirmed.

"Dissociate yourself from him," he advised, indicating the jack of hearts. "The cards spell out a word, W-I-K-E-D. The cards never lie. That man is wicked. I see you meeting an old boy friend, tall and fair to medium. It will happen on Yonge Street on a hot August afternoon and you will be married within three months. It's all clear to me."

During my next reading I heard myself described as a 30-year-old widow who had sorrowed too long. "You'll marry this summer to a doctor," a motherly, well-dressed woman told me in a tearoom. "Just be careful he never finds out how much insurance money you have left. Keep that for yourself because this marriage may not be too happy and you might require it."

Prophecies like these, with their accompanying Dorothy Dixish advice, seemed relatively harmless to me. Only one fortuneteller out of the 23 struck me as being an evil and dangerous person.

He is a bearded whispering man, big, with a steady and piercing eye. The

POLLEN, I HATE YOU!

By P. J. Blackwell

LET ME debunk the summer myth:
No time of joy and fragrant breezes
To one who greets that season with
A volley of gigantic sneezes;
For never blows so red the rose
But I can match it with my nose.

When June has left me moist and sour,
July and August have their day;
September is my bleakest hour,
And when October comes my way
I'll be attractive even then
To some fresh, robust allergen.

It may possibly be
I'm allergic to me.

room in which he reads the stars and your right palm is a dining room converted into a bedroom on the first floor of an attached house.

This swindler stated his terms like a sideshow pitchman. "For two dollars," he began with a negligent shrug, "I will read your palm. For five dollars I will foresee 12 months of your life and prepare a report for you. For $10 I will plot your horoscope, your entire life and give it to you in book form.

You Will Be Amazed

"Teacup, card and crystal reading are merely forms of entertainment," he informed me loftily when we had completed the exchange of money. "Palmistry and astrology are high arts. You will be amazed at what I will reveal."

I was. He told me that I was living with a married man who would never divorce his wife to marry me "in the sacred sense."

"You may have children," he continued calmly. "I see a possible two and they will be illegitimate. If you wish to avoid this you know where to seek the knowledge," he added, indicating himself.

Furthermore, he assured me that any marriage I undertook before the age of 40 would be doomed.

He then suggested I visit him regularly for advice on how to handle my married-lover problem, including the physical side of our relationship. I left hurriedly.

This same movie-type menace also told me that I would be unhealthy all my life, would die of anaemia at a comparatively early age and would never have an accident while traveling.

On the other hand, a sage who was minus her upper plate told me to beware of airplanes and buses and a bad-tempered crippled crone told me to stay away from horses.

A doleful muddy-faced crystal-gazer saw me escaping with slight injuries from a fire, and a pleasant sweet-faced woman foresaw my demise in an insane asylum.

Another, a mannish woman with a severed right hand, peered at me intently and opened the reading with the suggestion that I take iron pills.

The fortunetellers I visited, with the exception of the villain mentioned, unfailingly were poorly educated, shabbily dressed, drab little people. They were bored and dull-eyed, like people on a treadmill. Some appeared exhausted, had red-rimmed eyes and dipped into a future punctuated with yawns.

Almost all used poor grammar, most were unclean to a degree, and very few made any attempt at showmanship. Only one, a gypsy festooned with beads, artificial flowers and a ruffled skirt, looked the part. The rest looked like unpleasant, gossipy neighbors.

Most fortunetellers open a reading with "You have a decision to make" or "You have something on your mind," both of which are guaranteed safe and durable. Drawing her clues from your expression as she rambles along and from a few direct questions she's off on a plot that would leave the editors of pulp magazines gasping.

Key phrases in the dodge—or at least the ones that turned up 10 or more times during my 23 readings—are "I see you in new surroundings," "You will receive a letter containing good news," "A grey-haired woman will be sick but she will get well," "I see you visiting a house where there is a new baby," "There's a blond woman causing trouble," "I see you near the water this summer" and "You're going to get some money you didn't expect."

The fortuneteller sports a very shifty backfield as well. I made a point of denying several feelers to watch this specialty in action. "You have a child," coos the soothsayer. If you shake your head there are two lines of retreat commonly used: (a) "I see a child near you—it must belong to a dear friend," or (b) "My dear, you will have one." Two women went so far as to insist that I was already pregnant.

Some less imaginative seers pad out their readings with pure nonsense, delivered at a terrific clip and with a straight face. I admit I lost most of this in transit to my notebook but I got down some jewels.

"I'm reminded when I look at you of the old adage, 'If you have two loaves of bread, give one away and buy hyacinths instead.'"

"You are going to have second sight and this means that you will act in fact and you won't have to open a book for it. You'll just go on knowingly, showingly."

"I see your fiancé—he is blond or dark or something like that. You will traverse your present disillusionment with him and find a great joy emerging out of what has seemed to be a mist blurring your vision from the true . . . ."

Not Certain—Positive!

I also admire the woman who said she saw money in my future. "I'm not certain of it," she said emphatically. "I'm positive!"

Most likable of the grafters was a husky-voiced stoutly corseted carnie-queen, heavily made up and bursting with vitality. She reads palms and a crystal. "This crystal cost me $48 and I wouldn't pay $48 for a crystal if I couldn't see things in it, would I, honey?"—in a former bootlegging establishment off a back alley.

"Beware of a blond girl friend," she cautioned me, "she's tryin' to get your fellahs. You'll have two or three children, but have less if you can. What does a girl like you want with kids, eh, honey? That guy you go with, that Frayne, I like him, but don't do anything foolish, don't go too far. You understand me, don't you, honey?"

The trouble with me, she said, shaking her head to hear her earrings jingle, was that I have an inferiority complex. I was also told that I was too impetuous, that I had a clear, intuitive mind, that I was generous to a fault, that I took the advice of others too much and that I have a sane and sensible BUT reasonable temperament.

I was advised to change my job. An interior decorator, a bookkeeper, a pianist, an airline stewardess and a nurse were variously selected.

A scrawny redhead, a self-confessed seventh child, won a special pennant for effort with her name-forecasting feat. "I see an Al in your future," she began, "this could be an Alice, Alan, Albert or Elvira. I can't tell. There is also a Mary, which could also be Marian, Margaret, Martin or Mildred. You're going to meet a Jean, which might also be Joan, Janet, Jane, June, John, James or Jim. And there's a Don coming to me, which might be Donna, Doris, Dorothy or Douglas and there's a Kay in your future, which might be . . . ."

The prediction I hold dearest is that made by a balding liquor-scented veteran who studied my cards intently behind a screen in a beauty parlor and pronounced thickly: "Your brother will never die in a mine."

My five days with the fortunetellers left me exhausted. But it also exhausted my husband, a man named Frayne. He had to mind our two children. ★

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When tested clinically under strictly controlled conditions, Absorbine Jr. proved successful in 3 out of 4 cases!

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Guard Against Re-infection: Don't share towels or bathmats. Boil socks at least 15 minutes to kill the micro-organisms. Get your Absorbine Jr. at any drugstore today . . . $1.25 a bottle.

Look for cracks between the toes tonight

Examine the skin between your toes tonight. When cracks appear between your toes it means that Athlete's Foot micro-organisms can strike. It's time for Absorbine Jr.

Pass a swab of cotton soaked in Absorbine Jr. between the toes. Its "wetting" action removes the flaky dead skin and dissolves the stale perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot micro-organisms thrive.

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ABSORBINE JR.

What Happened in the Bismarck

Continued from page 5

When France fell in 1940 the pocket battleships Scharnhorst and Gneisenau were moved to Brest on the French Atlantic coast, but constant bombing immobilized them for a time. In the spring of 1941 the Royal Navy awaited Bismarck's emergence from the Baltic.

Keune had been told only what the world knew about Bismarck—namely that she was 35,000 tons (rumors had her displacement as high as 55,000 tons); knew also she had eight 15-inch guns, 12 5.9-inch guns and a speed of 30 knots. But the most interesting intelligence about the Bismarck concerned a novel and highly elaborate compartment which, the Germans believed, made her unsinkable.

When Bismarck put to sea that May 19, Admiral Guenther Lutjens told his crew over Bismarck's broadcast system his plan was to get into the Atlantic, avoid contact with British battleships and smash up convoys. Lutjens added that if all went well the voyage would last several months; supply ships would meet Bismarck at secret rendezvous. The crew cheered.

The cruiser Prinz Eugen sailed with Bismarck. Together under a weather cover they cleared the Skagerrak and put into an unfrequented fiord near Bergen, Norway, on the morning of May 21.

Keune thinks this move was probably part of the evasion tactics, but British Coastal Command aircraft spotted Bismarck and Prinz Eugen in the fiord a few hours after their arrival. Admiral Lutjens set off to rush the Atlantic that same day.

Snow Hides Escape Run

A few hours after Bismarck had been located in the fiord the weather closed down and further observation was impossible. Admiral Sir John Tovey, Commander-in-Chief of the British Home Fleet based on Scapa Flow, still didn't know on the morning of the 22nd whether Bismarck and Prinz Eugen had left the fiord or not. Keune says at this time they were heading north for the Denmark Straits at full speed.

The hunt started late on the 22nd when a British plane from the Orkney Islands swept up and down the fiord, at great risk of hitting the sheer mountain sides and sent out the electric news that Bismarck and Prinz Eugen had sailed.

In Bismarck, says Keune, everything was running sweetly. Most of the crew believed they had eluded the British net. Working at his teleprinter, Keune sent up signals to the bridge from German bases. They were in code and he could not understand them, but he says he could tell from their volume and speed that there was no undue anxiety either in Germany or "up ahead."

Bismarck's chances of escape from the narrow waters were boosted by low clouds and driving snow. All the crew knew how important it was to get into the Atlantic. Once fancy free in that broad ocean they could subsequently return to French ports and would never have to run the gauntlet again.

At Scapa Flow things moved swiftly. Admiral Tovey dispatched Rear Admiral W. F. Wake Walker with the cruisers Suffolk and Norfolk to the Denmark Straits to patrol between Iceland and Greenland. He ordered Vice-Admiral L. E. Holland, with the capital ships Hood and Prince of Wales, to lie in wait westward of the straits out of which Bismarck would have to pass to reach the open ocean. Tovey then sailed himself in King George V and took up a strategic position westward still of Hood and Prince of Wales.

On the evening of May 23 Norfolk and Suffolk spotted Bismarck and Prinz Eugen steaming at high speed southwest down the straits. They had rounded the north of Iceland and were hugging the ice-girt coast of Greenland within half a day's sail of the Atlantic proper.

Keune says word got around the Bismarck that two cruisers were shadowing them. In the radar room two specks marking the positions of the British cruisers remained in the screen despite Bismarck's efforts to lose them by constant changes of course.

Norfolk and Suffolk hung onto Bismarck's heels like terriers during the night of the 23rd while remaining cautiously out of gun range. They were able to tell Admiral Tovey of all her movements so that Hood and Prince of Wales could manoeuvre for attack.

The 23-year-old Hood, whose 42,000 tons made her the world's biggest warship, had, in the years between the wars, become the prime symbol of the might of the Royal Navy. But she had never been in action. Now, with new Prince of Wales, she closed in on Bismarck. Between them the British ships had 17 heavy guns to Bismarck's eight.

Before dawn Keune and his shipmates were ordered to battle stations. At 6 a.m. Bismarck and Hood hove in sight of each other, and Hood opened up with a broadside.

"She hit us first," says Keune. "One shell struck the stern. Where it went in there was just a small hole but where it came out you could have driven a hay wagon through. Then another shot landed up among the aircraft catapults and blew the captain's motor boat to pieces."

Bismarck replied with her 15-inch guns. And Prinz Eugen hammered away.

"I didn't see it happen because I was on duty below," says Keune. "But after we fired the second broadside I heard a great roar in the distance. Then all of a sudden the Admiral came on the loudspeaker. He was quite excited for a naval officer. He said we had sunk Hood with our second broadside from 23,000 yards. He said she just blew apart in a sheet of flame and went down immediately.

"The action had lasted less than five minutes. We were all amazed and proud. We knew Hood was England's biggest ship at that time and it was great news to us."

THE BISMARCK: HER LIFE AND DEATH

Barber Burned His Nose

The sinking of Hood was a combination of good shooting and good luck. A shell found out a magazine. She sank in two minutes and more than 1,300 men were lost.

Prince of Wales was also hit when Bismarck turned the terrible fury of her broadsides upon her. One 15-inch shell bored through the bridge, then exploded, killing or wounding every man there except Captain J. C. Leach and his chief yeoman of signals. Jammed gun-turret mounts cut her fire power. And Prince of Wales broke off the action.

"We were surprised when Prince of Wales didn't attack," says Keune. "Then we figured she must have had a big shock to see Hood go down like that and was getting a bit cautious in case we were some sort of member ship."

Bismarck and Prinz Eugen continued their voyage southwest, pushed down the coast of Greenland toward the open Atlantic. Prince of Wales, Suffolk and Norfolk kept on the trail out of range. Aircraft, based in Iceland, flew out to assist observation, noticed that Bismarck was leaving oil in her wake.

"The hole in our stern was huge," says Keune, "but it didn't slow our speed. Engineers tried to close it off but the water-tight doors had jammed. Some fellows never stopped working under water in diving suits trying to close them.

"Even the ship's barber had to help. He was a bit effeminate, not a real sailor at all. But he showed up bravely working in that hole. The last I heard of him was that he had burned his nose with an acetylene welder. Word went round the ship 'The barber's burned his nose,' and we had a bit of a laugh."

Meanwhile, the British Admiralty, with the certainty of doom, was planning Bismarck's end before she could reach port. Vice-Admiral Sir James Somerville was ordered out of Gibraltar with the aircraft carriers Victorious and Ark Royal, battle cruiser Renown, cruiser Sheffield and six destroyers. The old battleships Rodney and Ramillies were called off Atlantic convoy duties to help.

Twelve hours after Bismarck sank Hood, that is during the evening of May 24, two flights of torpedo-carrying aircraft were launched against her by Victorious and one hit was obtained.

"It was not serious," says Keune. "I was sitting on a table in the mess at the time. Suddenly I was sitting on the floor. But the torpedo failed to pierce the armor. It blew up outside the ship. We knew we were in for it though.

"The Admiral came on the speaker and said signals showed that half the British Fleet was moving up to tackle us and we must all be prepared to do our duty to the utmost.

"Everybody was very quiet, but determined. They were all the sort of guys who shrugged their shoulders and said, 'Either we get out of this mess or we don't.'"

At 3 a.m. on the 25th visibility was so low that the shadowing cruisers lost contact with Bismarck. She was then 350 miles SSE. of Greenland. Efforts to find her were redoubled. Coastal Command of the Royal Canadian Air Force sent out patrols from Newfoundland but without luck.

During this period, says Keune, Admiral Lutjens ordered Prinz Eugen to separate and make her own way to Brest. Royal Air Force planes located her there two weeks later.

It was 10.30 a.m. on the 26th, 31 hours after the cruisers lost the scent, that Bismarck was next sighted by a Catalina. She was then steaming like mad eastward for Brest, only 500 miles away.

"We were very hopeful," says Keune, "we were beginning to think we would get away. And then that darned Catalina saw us. We put up a terrific ack-ack barrage and drove her off. We thought we still had a chance."

Forty-five minutes later, however, aircraft from Ark Royal sighted Bismarck and kept her under observation while other British ships manoeuvred for attack. The air crackled with their signals and code experts in Bismarck worked frantically to try to piece the messages together.

Radar Aimed the Guns

"We could sense the attack building up," says Keune. "We could almost feel the British ships closing in on us so great was the tension. The speakers kept all informed of the latest moves and we got very cold and deadly."

Two waves of torpedo aircraft from Ark Royal went in at 5.30 p.m. on the 26th.

The first was beaten off by ack-ack, the second scored two hits.

Keune remembers only one. It marked the beginning of the end. The torpedo struck the Bismarck's rudder when it was on 15 degrees and locked it in the turn position. So great was Bismarck's momentum that she made two complete circles before control was regained.

"We had to steer with the propellers," says Keune. "One propeller ran at full speed and the other at half speed to keep us straight. Every time we

wanted to charge course the engine speeds had to be adjusted. It was a clumsy business. The drag of the rudder pulled us down to eight knots. The ship's hospital was full of wounded and dying."

Keune recalls with warmth that prodigious feats of courage and devotion to duty were performed by artificers working on the rudder over the thrush of the propellers while Bismarck kept under way. Several fell into the wake and were left to drown. They worked all through the night of the 26th.

Darkness gave Admiral Tovey, now moving up in King George V, a chance to use his lighter forces. He unleashed the tribal-class destroyers Cossack, Maori, Sikh and Zulu at Bismarck.

"I Sat Tight at my Post"

All night the destroyers darted at the lumbering battleship, but none of her guns was yet silenced and she kept the attackers at bay with radar-controlled gunfire. So accurate was Bismarck's fire that it was a miracle none of the destroyers received a direct hit. Salvos straddled them whenever they tried to get in close.

The destroyers fired 16 torpedoes, both Cossack and Maori claiming hits.

Keune says that during the night word came over Bismarck's speakers that a hit had been scored on a destroyer, setting it afire.

"The ship was all closed down," says Keune. "The only air we got came through automatic ventilators. Somewhere there must have been a big fire, for a great gush of hot, bright yellow smoke came through the ventilators into the radio room. We had to put on our gas masks.

"Then the loudspeaker system gave out. Something went wrong with the telephones. All orders had to be given by officers and petty officers hurrying round the ship to various units. The mechanical firing and aiming equipment failed and each gun turret had to work seperately over open sights. There was a steady loss of control.

"There was hardly anything for me to do in the radio room. I just sat tight at my post and awaited orders. I believe a couple of messages I sent up to the bridge said it was then impossible for the German bases in France to send us aid owing to bad weather."

Throughout the night the men working on the rudder never left the job, although many were stricken. Once, says Keune, Bismarck stopped. Then she got going again. He heard they were only 600 miles off Brest at daybreak on the 27th.

Death on the Decks

As soon as dawn broke Bismarck opened up with her big guns on the shadowing cruiser Norfolk and drove her off to safer distance. The gunners, says Keune, had had no sleep for three days.

At 9 a.m. King George V and Rodney closed. Both delivered a series of broadsides which shattered Bismarck's superstructure and filled the upperworks with wounded. Unable to swing or speed Bismarck could not reply effectively, although her turrets kept firing. One by one, however, they were battered into silence.

Keune says one shot hit a magazine full of 105-mm shells and after the terrific blast and carnage a sudden unearthly silence descended over the mortally wounded Bismarck. He could hear the moans of the maimed in the corridor outside. A petty officer came in and told the radio staff to get out on deck as the captain was preparing to scuttle.

The radio room was now full of cordite fumes and a choking yellow smoke. Strangely enough, says Keune, the electric light was still burning. He inflated his life belt and joined a line of men waiting in the corridor to get outside on the deck.

The British battleships and cruisers hammered home broadside after broadside into the helpless Bismarck. Rodney scored a torpedo hit. At 11 a.m. Admiral Tovey ordered Dorsetshire to move in and sink the silent and burning Bismarck with torpedoes.

Keune says about this time he was struggling to get along a corridor past buckled plates and shattered bulkheads. He was told that down in the engine room many men were sacrificing their lives to open seacocks so that the "unsinkable" Bismarck would not become a prize.

They received two torpedoes from Dorsetshire and for the first time felt Bismarck list. Everywhere the torn and twisted steel was festooned with the entrails of mangled men. There did not seem to be any decks any more. The ship was merely a crumbling honeycomb of plating and girders, many of them red-hot.

When Keune and his companions reached the door leading onto deck it was jammed three quarters shut, permitting the passage of only slim men. Several stouter men tried to get through, failed, and stood back calmly to make way for others. The deck suddenly took on an angle of 45 degrees. Keune let the air out of his life belt and squeezed through the door.

He was still wearing his gas mask and as he put his face outside a lump of shell neatly whipped off the filter. He thought he had lost his chin.

The deck, he says, was an indescribable shambles. He has a vivid recollection of human limbs frying on white-hot plates.

The officers were waving their arms and rallying men to points at which they judged it safest to jump overboard. Even at this late hour the abandoning of ship was under a certain measure of control.

Keune put almost his last breath into his life belt and jumped from amidships into the icy North Atlantic. Towering waterspouts from British shot rose near him. He swam desperately away from doomed Bismarck, looking back at the ship as he rose with the swells.

Behind the Canadian Wire

As Bismarck's list became steeper officers led jumping parties over onto the side which now became the upper plane. Some gunner let off a last defiant burst of ack-ack fire as he and his gun submerged.

Bismarck began to roll over so fast that the men caught on the side had to run against the revolution until the keel was under their feet. And below them were the men in the engine room, now upside down under a thousand tons of machinery.

For a moment Bismarck steadied herself, bottom up. Keune, exhausted, turned over on his back and saw the stern of Bismarck rise like a mighty tower into the air and rain down a mingling of deck tackle, boats, debris and men into the frothing sea.

She disappeared fast, like a duck diving.

After an hour of swimming Keune was swept alongside Dorsetshire which had lowered a network of rope ladders. Her sides reared above him. He grabbed the ropes and half hauled himself out of the water. But he hadn't strength to pull his whole weight clear of the sea. Several times he tried and failed. Then a wave carried him away.

He recalls: "I said to myself 'Okay. This is it.' And somehow I didn't mind very much. I was getting very tired of it all."

Floating in his life belt he fell into a state of semiconsciousness, but stirred himself when he found a much lower ship alongside him. The waves were so high that on their peak they lifted him above the deck. He swam toward her and in a few minutes was literally washed aboard the destroyer Maori.

He was carried below, where the first thing his enemy did was give him a cup of tea. Then they gave him a large glass of whisky. As he was drinking this a squadron of Focke Wulf aircraft, arriving belatedly to the rescue of Bismarck, attacked. Maori came through, but the destroyer Mashona, carrying other German survivors, was sunk.

Constant attacks by German aircraft hindered rescue work. German submarines were sounded in the vicinity, and the British fleet had to disperse, leaving several hundred men to die slowly of cold in the water or end themselves swiftly by releasing the air from their life belts. From Bismarck's complement of 2,000, 103 were saved.

Keune was disembarked at Gourock in the Clyde. He spent eight months behind wire in an old cotton factory at Bury, just outside Manchester, then was transferred to Canada.

He was sent to a POW camp at Monteith, near Timmins, Ont. He was then of magnificent physique. He stood six feet tall and his weight was 180 lbs. He did precisely what was required of him under the Geneva Convention, but no more. At night in the bunkhouse with his fellows he sang vainglorious songs of Germany's might.

Into the Ontario Bush

It appeared to him in those days he was just passing time until the moment the German officer prisoners would march into camp and march him out to help take over defeated Canada.

Keune was cocky until Feb. 2, 1943. This date is etched into his memory: it marked the victory of the Russians over the Germans at Stalingrad.

"That staggered us," he says. "A few of us prisoners started to have secret fears of not winning after all." When the Allies got a foothold in Normandy he knew Germany was beaten.

Says Keune: "I'm not going to say I was glad. I wasn't. But I began to wonder what was going to happen to me. I took an interest in the Canadians working with us. I wanted to find out what sort of guys they really were. When your future is in other people's hands you want to know all about them."

When the war ended Keune volunteered to work deeper in the bush at Longlac, Ont., because he was told he would enjoy more freedom there. He still had only a few words of English, and although he remained cold to his Canadian overseers he says he couldn't help respecting and even liking some of them. He was given a team of horses to drive.

On March 8, 1946, he hauled a cord of lumber onto his sleigh and drove his team through the bush to a point where he would pick up a second cord.

"They were young, crazy horses from out West," he says, "and they were always trying to get away from me. One side of the sleigh struck a stump of a tree hidden under the snow. I was thrown forward and fell down among the team. I yelled to them to 'Whoa!' but they were scared. They reared and stamped on me and broke both my legs. Then they bolted. They pulled the sleigh right over me and broke my back. I passed out."

Helmut Keune now sits in his wheel chair in the sunny paraplegics ward at Sunnybrook. Around him are Canadian veterans similarly disabled. He has passed through two nightmare years of operations, loneliness, pain and heartsickness. And this has left its marks upon him. But something else has happened.

The jovial, white-coated, "first war" orderly comes around with the afternoon refreshments and Keune neatly whisks around in his chromium chair. There's the usual mildest badinage. Keune takes tea and shares a friendly grin with the orderly. Someone calls out an acceptable soldierly insult. Keune waves a hand in mock anger, grins hugely.

Somebody Had to Lose

Keune was a Nazi. He doesn't try to hide this in the hope that he could better his chances of citizenship. He was a Nazi until he saw the pictures of Belsen, when, he says, "I could hardly believe my eyes." He's not ashamed of his German birth, "because out everybody was a bum of Belsen." And he is proud of his German Navy Service. "I didn't start the war. I just fought for my country like all the other boys here. Somebody had to lose."

Learning English gave Keune a great lift toward his rehabilitation. Then he was able to understand fully the eagerness of the other men in his ward to help him, to realize that no one hated him, to join in the salty ward humor.

In the past eight years many things have happened to Helmut Keune. Perhaps the most important happened at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto last year.

A group of Sunnybrook's paraplegics had been taken to the Ex, their wheel chairs lined up in front of the grandstand. Olsen and Johnson were cavorting about with a microphone.

After exchanging wisecracks with several men, Olsen toted the mike up to a wheel chair occupied by a stiff-backed and stern but handsome Keune, whose steel grey eyes at once registered embarrassment.

"Hi, Mac!" said Olsen, "and where do you come from?"

The cripple stared coldly through the clown and remained mute.

"Come on, old man!" cried Olsen. "Don't be shy! All these good folk want to hear from you!"

"But He's a Good Guy"

From the next chair Jimmie Coutts, curly-haired ex-tank driver, with a broken neck, murmured: "He comes from Germany. He's a POW. Leave him alone."

Olsen swung around on the crowd in excitement. "Now ain't that somethin' folks! We gotta prisoner here!"

"He was in the Bismarck," whispered Jimmie Coutts. "But he's a good guy."

"He was in the Bismarck!" exclaimed Olsen into the mike. "But they say he's a good guy. Come on, folks, let's give our old enemy a big hand!"

Silence. Then a few faint boos. Then a rush of hushings. Then the wheel-chair veterans either side of the captive began to clap. Immediately there was a thunder of applause and cheers from 25,000 throats.

At that moment Jimmie Coutts saw a tear trickle down the tense and graven face of Helmut Keune. From that moment Schreiber Hauptgreter Keune has not wanted to go back to Germany. ★

Doesn't Anybody Like Kids?

Continued from page 10

saying it, but they believe it, literally. They put it in a more subtle way. They usually start with, "Mind you, I believe a boy should be a real boy . . ." or "Nobody is more fond of children than I am." The next word is "But . . ."

I think the other generation was a lot franker and a lot kinder.

Today children seem to be in everybody's way, including their parents'. They've become a chore. The whole tendency seems to be to get away from them as much as possible. The less you see of them the more progressive you are. People are even lauded as lively minded and resourceful with such statements: "You don't see *her* stuck in with her children." Maybe it has something to do with modern child psychology. Child psychology has no doubt done a lot for children, but much of the good has been offset by the nervous, grim attitude it has set up toward the whole subject of offspring. Being a parent is a science, a duty, a major responsibility. It's a lot like cramming for an exam.

I was at a party a few months ago, and there were two or three gay, modern women there beating themselves to death trying to make every remark an epigram. One of these women was telling us all the gay things she did with her new dog. How she rushed him to the hospital. How she'd housebroken him. How the cute little thing had torn open a couple of her chesterfield chairs. How he played ball with her, and how he had to be dragged along when she took him for a walk. All this was mildly boring, but as it saved me the necessity of having to talk to her I was satisfied. Then she happened to drop quite casually that she had a little boy. He was mentioned incidentally, the way you might say, "I have an uncle in Los Angeles." Where was he when she was looking after the dog? Oh, in nursery school, of course. Children get such good care there.

I talked a bit to her then, and it gradually dawned on me what was out of gear about her. The child was a duty—a solemn, scientific duty. All the fun she had with her dog. I wondered how many times she'd played ball with her boy. I wondered how many times she'd taken *him* for a walk.

Today the general idea seems to be to get rid of your children as soon as possible. Not many can afford to do it. But a growing portion of our population would like to do it. The ideal state seems to be like something from one of those grade B movies where the well-groomed divorcee comes in to tuck her child into bed. Her face practically melts with emotion while the little fellow says his prayers. She tells him "pleasant dreams." Right after that she goes out. She just goes through the motherly emotions like an alderman laying the first brick. The tucking-in is just a slight bow to the ancient dust-covered and quaint custom of responsible parenthood. After that some paid worker takes over and sees that the child doesn't catch fire.

The Age of the Sitter

There are all kinds of ways of getting rid of your children. You can send them to nursery school at the age of two. Of course you have to feed them and see them at night, but you have the next day to look forward to. If you want to go out in the evening there are organizations of people who just sit there and bear the thought of children. You pay them for this, but then it's worth it not to have to think of your children a couple of hours. Incidentally, where did sitters come from? I was never sat with in my life until I was 19.

As I remember it, parents used to get a lot of fun out of their kids. My Dad used to play ball with us, take us fishing and for long Sunday morning walks. My mother used to play the piano and sing for us. We used to sit around the fireplace at night while my Dad told us stories about his youth—probably big whopping unhygienic lies—but they were a lot of fun. My parents took us on safaris by streetcar—to picnics, to fairs (when they used to give the kids free samples), to beaches—that would make today's conscious couple's blanch. We'd come home tired and dirty and my mother's slip would be showing, but we'd all feel pretty close to one another.

The mother of one of the gang on our street used to get us in her kitchen on winter nights and tell us stories about reprobate characters who used to terrorize the citizenry in her home town. That kitchen would never have got any seal of approval, believe me, but I'd like to be able to sit in it now, pull my chair up against the wood range and listen to some of those tales. Those were enchanted evenings. That woman did it because she liked our company.

I can picture that little scene in one of today's chrome-plated little love nests. Sitting there in aseptic surroundings, with the refrigerator humming coolly, everything gleaming like an operating room, and Mother wasting impatiently for the sitter to arrive so she won't miss the first part of the lecture on child psychology.

Even our cities and towns, our streets and our houses, our very way of life, seem to be designed to discourage children. An average urban father, to take his youngsters for a walk in the country (even if he had the time and energy after spending three quarters of an hour getting home from work), would have to drag them through a 10-mile desolation of factories, warehouses, refineries and sewage-disposal plants before he saw a clump of grass that wasn't buried in dust. What's happened to "the bush"? There used to be one in every youngster's life. Mine was a ravine that cut right through the city, and life for me was a matter of getting through school, grabbing a few potatoes, rounding up the gang and getting there as fast as possible. We'd build a fire, put the potatoes in to bake and sit around savoring the smoke as if it were Chanel No. 10 and imagining that we were somewhere in the heart of the Yukon. "The bush" was a magic spot where, away from the dull realism of adults, we acted out our fondest dreams.

I took a walk to "the bush" a couple of Sundays ago. I waded through about a 16th of a mile of rusty tin cans, car bodies and old mattresses looking for old trails. I gave up. A bulldozer was shoving sand into the river for a new six-lane concrete bridge. The home of somebody's biscuits was going up just across from where we used to swim out of sight from everybody except one little girl named Julie who used to use a telescope. The whole place looked about as romantic as a gas bill.

No Place to Play

And what's happening to our houses? Maybe we've got rid of a lot of bad architectural features, have cleaned up our cellars and cupboards and equipped ourselves with a lot of handy gadgets, but we've vacuumed up the biggest part of a kid's world. There used to be attics stuffed with everything from Grandpa's bear traps to well-hidden newspaper clippings of Uncle Pete leaving county jail. There used to be cellars that were like Frankenstein's workshop. A child could have some fun there. But for a youngster to even get out of sight in one of our functional little homes, he'd have to use disappearing ink.

Big sprawling, covered verandas have given place to something like an oversized cement cake. Houses and apartments have grown smaller and smaller, our kitchens more clinical, our living rooms more and more like phony little art shops. We have recreation rooms for the children in the basement. Some people call them coyly "fun rooms." That means that when you want to have fun you have to go down to the cellar.

It's easy to see why families are getting smaller. It's easy to see, even, why a lot of families are breaking up. After all, no matter how fond you are of a person, even a child, you can just sit and stare at him so long. Then you want to hide.

We used to have baseball games on the streets. We'd get a bit sore if someone parked his car where we were playing ball and when a passing car interrupted the game we stood by and sneered at the driver until he nearly died of embarrassment. Now the cars are parked bumper to bumper from one end of the street to the other, and the stream of passing cars is like a parade.

Some people who at least have children's interests at heart have spent a lot of time and have wangled a lot of public funds to provide playgrounds, but it doesn't alter anything basically. It's just another plan for getting rid of your children, with municipal help. Children may enjoy themselves between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5:30 p.m. on plot number 13A. Have a good time!

There used to be a quaint old saying that my grandparents came out with now and then with beaming faces. It went, "Oh, to be a kid again!"

No thanks. I wouldn't be a kid again for a new 1950 maroon convertible with a ram jet engine. I can see the day coming when children will be conceived by artificial insemination, born in Cellophane, raised in a pressure cooker, put in a utility room until they are two, sent to nursery school, then to a placement bureau for an aptitude test and brushed off for good.

Have you noticed lately the number of little boys who point at you and make a little sound like a gun firing? Make no mistake about it, they are shooting you. As far as they are concerned you are dropping dead, and in the case of a lot of people I know it would be a wonderful idea. Those children are being muscled out of this world. But as long as I can help it mine aren't.

So if you don't like my children that's just too bad. I've browbeaten them all I'm going to. From now on they're going to yell when they feel like it, run when they feel like it and if they happen to tramp on a geranium or two you'll just have to get another geranium. And I'm not going to get rid of them. I'm going to keep them. I guess I'm just an old fashioned turnip, but I like them. ★

They Live Next Door To The Russians

Continued from page 17

is to the whole nation a promise made and therefore, naturally, a promise kept.

Porkkala means, for example, that the main railway line west of Helsinki is cut. The Finns are building, at great cost, a new line around Porkkala. It also means that the main east-west highway has a large chunk out of it. It means that the telephone central, and the church village where you get your mail, bought your supplies, went to Saturday country dances and Sunday church, or have your son buried, are forbidden to you.

It's as if the Americans had suddenly occupied a hefty square space of land and lake between Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, cutting the highways, railways, St. Lawrence traffic and airways crossing that space.

Should you have to, by necessity, cross Porkkala, the Government would have to pay an equivalent of about 10 times the normal railway fare for your passage, and you would travel in an iron-shuttered, closed-in archaic coach (the Russians took the modern rolling stock of the Finnish railways as war reparations).

One day not long ago a fire started in one of the sealed carriages. The conductor bashed through the door, the smoke and passengers pouring out after him. The alert Russians stopped the exodus on the first step. "Nobody gets out here," they said firmly. Fortunately the passengers managed to put out the fire before they burned to a crisp. What goes on at Porkkala is a Soviet secret.

Porkkala means, too, that if you are a fisherman you can't make mistakes about navigation on your way to your home harbor on a misty night. Sometimes fishermen have strayed over the Russian-defined water border in the mazelike archipelago. Then has followed some three months of agonizing silence. Even enquiries by the Finnish Government have gone unanswered. After that treatment, as often as not, the men are returned safely and the Government is charged a large sum for their "upkeep" during their imprisonment.

A farmer whose lands lap Porkkala tells the most fantastic story of all. This is about a dog of uncertain parentage who wandered into the forbidden lands. Three weeks later it was formally returned with a bill for 60,000 Finnish marks for its "upkeep."

"What," asked the farmer, "did you 'upkeep' it with? Caviar?"

However, Porkkala is a pinprick compared to the other occupied areas of Finland, where one fifth of her prewar farm area was lost.

But, to the surprise of most foreign observers, the Russians have not penetrated Finland beyond these occupied areas. There is nothing of the middle-European satellite-country atmosphere in this northern republic.

Although the Russians have tried to use Communist Finns for infiltration purposes the propaganda seeds appear to have perished. Very few Communists hold high offices in Finland. There is, however, Estonian-born Hella Virdjoki, a Soviet-sympathizer, now at the head of the Finnish Radio. She was a prominent playwright and author before the war. Her plays were produced in London, England, as well as all the Scandinavian countries.

During the war the Finns imprisoned her and meted out a death sentence for "traitorous activities." She was

aroused when the Russian commission came in. She speaks of this with some pride now.

"Hella," her first name, means "stove" in Finnish folk dialect. Mrs. Vuolijoki is an extremely rotund woman. The Finns remark with their customary quiet smile, "that big old stove which will not draw unless the wind is from the East."

I saw her in her large, handsome office at the Finnish Radio building. She is a grandmother now but her vitality is astonishing. She gave the pro-Soviet attitude succinctly.

"Russia has never meant any harm to Finland," she told me, disregarding the historical fact of attacks every 50 years for the past thousand years. "Russia has never been the aggressive party. We'd do better to have a stronger Communist Party here; we can keep on for only so long as the Soviets can depend on us."

"Propaganda"—"But of Course"

She invited me to listen to a broadcast of her weekly program. It's a serial called "*Tyomehen Perhe*," "Laborer's Family," and I accepted. The particular episode depicted the solidarity of the laborer's family when one of the daughters turned up having been seduced by a bourgeois type.

"What do you think of it?" she asked excitedly, at the end of the broadcast.

"Propaganda," I said.

"But of course," she said and gave me a lift to my next appointment in a big, black, chauffeur-driven car. She was off, she said, to arrange for a dinner party for 30 at her home.

I asked around for reactions to this program. Everybody I questioned said, regretfully, "Yes, I've heard of it. I must listen to it one day soon. Just haven't got around to it yet."

That's the general effect all Communist propaganda seems to have. The Finns continue to behave, talk, and appear to think, as free men, unafraid. You get Finnish visas promptly. Mail is not censored nor hotels checked for foreign visitors as far as I can tell. And there doesn't even appear to be a shadow of the famous iron curtain over the proud, busy people, or upon the clear, northern days.

At the last elections, July, 1948, the always-small Communist Party was thoroughly trounced. Out of the total 200 members to the *Eduskunta* (Parliament) the two pro-Soviet parties—the Communists and the Socialist Union Party—have 35 members. This despite the fact that as a pre-election move the Soviets had cut the remaining war debt by half. (The debt had been 8,300 millions at 1938 exchange rates. Of this the Finns had paid in ships, supplies, railway stock, etc., 8153 millions. The remaining $147 millions cut in half leaves about $73,500,000 to be paid.)

Direct result of this election was the abolition of the state police, said to have been partly Soviet-trained. Living standards have risen greatly, whether this is due to the new government or the cumulative effort of hard-working Finns is debatable. Newspapers do not pull their punches against Communist agitators or strikers. There appears to be little Press comment about the Soviets themselves, this was part of the treaty agreement.

Finland is completely at the mercy of the Soviet Union. Her army cannot exceed 34,400 men, her navy 4,500; the air force 3,000 with 60 aircraft (no bombers). She is not allowed to produce or retain war materials in excess of those required for these forces. She is not to experiment with any atomic weapon, self propelled or guided missiles, mines or torpedoes. This sort of prohibition goes on for pages in the peace treaty.

It means, in short, that Finland would be completely incapable of defending herself at this time. She is a demilitarized nation.

How does she remain free?

Some observers say it's because Russia wants to keep Sweden a no man's land bulwark, and recognizes that the shrewd, nonpartisan Scandinavian kingdom might join the Atlantic Pact were the Soviets to control Finland.

Historians suggest it's possible Russia has recognized the impossibility of beating into servility people who have retained their integrity through a thousand years of constant harassing from the East.

Economists say Russia knows she can get more, materially, out of a free Finland than an occupied Finland.

Finns don't often say anything at all, but when they do they speak thoughtfully of the Winter War of 1939 in which a nation of 3,500,000, crowded, held at bay a nation of 200 millions, and add, "Perhaps they respect us a little." Or sometimes they say, "We would make such an unappetizing mouthful, you know."

There is no fifth column in Finland.

Perhaps all these reasons combine to keep Finland free.

The people simply do not have the time to worry about their plight. They have too much to do. They have their war debt to meet; their jobless, homeless Karelian evacuees to care for; their lost industries and resources to replace; their destroyed settlements to rebuild. Every 16th man in Finland is a war invalid; every 17th woman is a war widow; every ninth person an evacuee; every 25th child a war orphan.

In Lapland, where the Finns fought the Germans from Sept., 1944 to April, 1945, they've had to cope with the scorched-earth farewell of the Germans. Here bombs sometimes still burst at the feet of children going to school, but rebuilding booms too. Some 5,000 homes were destroyed, 5,000 homes have been rebuilt. Some 13,500 barns were destroyed, 10,500 have been rebuilt; 3,000 miles of highway were destroyed, 3,000 miles of highway have been rebuilt; 1,034 bridges were wrecked, 950 have been repaired.

To cope with this the Finns have no Marshall Aid, no UNRRA, no other help. Russia forbade them to join the Marshall Plan. But before this happened they borrowed—it was a loan, not gift—$100 millions from the United States. This was a godsend. Without it they would have had nothing but their bare hands to build again the lost industries, the lost homes.

With it they have started an up-and-coming metal industry, new for Finland. Machine tools, ships, machinery, go to Russia in a steady stream, as war-debt payments. If the delivery of a ship, say, is late because nuts and bolts necessary to the construction don't arrive from the United States the Finns must, at times, pay double or triple the price of one ship for the delay.

The most cheering thing is the improvement of the economic situation in the last year. Only as lately as last year starvation rations existed, now practically everything is off ration. But people still queued up, close to my hotel at 6 o'clock one morning for oranges, the first in the land since 1939. Children still gathered at the market place in Helsinki to stare at their first wagonful of pygmy green bananas. They didn't like the exotic, strange taste, I might add, of the first reluctant mouthful.

Prices are high. A quart of milk costs about 60 cents, a pound of butter about $1.50, dozen eggs about a dollar, a pound of pork about $1.40 to $1.70, veal a few cents less, fish, by pound, about a dollar. Candies, pastries, cocoa are luxuries and exorbitantly priced, when you can get them.

When a shipment of coffee has turned up (such as a large present from a Brazilian coffee planter) it's been put on auction and sold for a couse. This means that the Finns can go about pointing at, for example, the magnificent, modern, children's hospital saying, "That was built out of coffee." Or at the new university students' residence: "That was built out of coffee, too, and we hope to have another one built out of nylon stockings." Another American present.

Taxes are even higher than prices. I suppose Great Britain and Finland today share the honor of being the highest taxed nations in the world. British taxes computed against the net national income are 40%. So are the Finnish. There isn't much left after paying the additional indirect taxes.

But perhaps the biggest national problem in Finland today is the housing shortage.

One room per person is the law. If the householder is a professional such as a doctor, or a lawyer, he may keep one additional room. If you don't get the boarders in yourself, the Government places whoever they wish into your homes. Yet many Finnish families have managed to retain a semblance of the prewar gracious living, particularly if they owned their homes or flats before. They've doubled up in bedrooms, thus saving living room, dining room and library space for normal living.

One bright afternoon I saw the worst side of the housing problem. When war came funds were found to hollow out underground bomb shelters, hospitals and ammunition storage rooms in the solid rock that runs through Helsinki's business and residential areas. Granite is good protection against a direct hit. Today these bomb shelters are used as apartment and tourist hostels; fully equipped hospitals are working underground; there is even a bomb shelter night club.

Mustn't Hurt Reds' Feelings

You leave the busy, cheerful street at a short flight of stone steps which turn into a cobbled passage under dripping, jagged rock roofing, ending at a bland, high doorway. This is a cheerless entrance to the hotel. The rooms are the size of a broom closet, and house, at maximum, four people on double bunks. Sometimes a family manages to get a room all for themselves. Single people live with three strangers. There are dormitories which shelter groups of hikers, on-the-cheap tourists, or a scout contingent tripping for a look at the capital. The air is good enough, but the complete lack of windows, here deep underground, is deadening. The Finns have for centuries worshipped sunlight.

To provide homes in rural areas for her 450,000 evacuees, most of them farmers, Finland divided up the already existing estates (none of them big, there had been a thorough land division after the 1918 War of Independence). Now ordinary freeholds (a) about 60 acres or less. On this, and on the new lands industriously being cleared to replace the 750,000 acres of ploughland lost, the Karelians are building their homes again.

So there you have the Finns, living with Spartan spareness of space and food. But when you look at the life of the capital city, the literary output of Finland's army of writers, the many all-year theatres, the number of concerts, the forward look of the architecture, and the tremendous strides in sculpture and painting you'd think they had been living in easy peace for centuries.

Last year 30 new volumes of poetry came out and paid their way; one went into eight printings. Besides this, about 500 books, a quarter of them translations from other languages, are published yearly. Compare this with Canada and the books we publish. Ten newspapers are published in the capital; some 125 other daily papers and 50 weeklies are published throughout the country. The Finns are great readers. There is no illiteracy even in Lapland.

Finns try to minimize their love of learning and reading. They prefer to talk about the nation's athletic prowess, plan eagerly for the next Olympics. The last, scheduled to be held just before the war broke out, had been awarded to Finland, was eventually switched to England.

The Finns also know the wisdom of restraint. Sometimes when university students are celebrating they sing old folk songs with acute meaning. One May Day a group of them broke into "*Pursuita autin somme haihki . . .*" (an old nursery rhyme, "All of us are little pigs . . .") when the Communist parade went by. The students were gently but firmly scattered by the police. It might have hurt the feelings of the Communists, the police said: "Remember the terms of the peace treaty. No animosity." The more intensely patriotic, anti-Russian, pro-Finnish songs (history has provided a goodly number of these) are seldom sung in public places now.

Take One Day at a Time

"There is no point," say the older Finns, "in being silly about this thing. We've promised to live in peace beside the Russians. We've promised to pay what they've asked for. We've given them a good slice of our good land. Let us stick to our promises without bothersomeness."

But I should like to repeat: There is no fear in Finland. People do not live pale from the shadow of the iron curtain. They work with tremendous energy. They put up with hardships without complaint. They care for their old, the poor, the orphans: social services make certain there are no beggars, or needy, uncared for children or old people. They rebuild their country and their lives.

They have sometimes explained their inherent fatalism which accepts a day at a time and does not worry about tomorrow by pointing to the land they love. "Finland gives us space, solitude, struggle. These suffice," they say.

There is also "sisu." This is something the Finns believe, or rather know, they possess. It is a quality surpassing courage, endurance, integrity. It is a gift from the past ages. An inner fire. It is the strength that comes to you when all strength is used up. It is the ultimate effort you rise to make after you have already dropped. It's spirit, rather than matter.

It is on "sisu" I think the Finns are drawing today without really knowing it or talking about it.

Working together without help from the rest of the world, paying their debts, building again, singing again, they expect to be on their feet and back to the standards of the modest comforts they knew before the 1939 Russian attack by 1952.

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New Hope for Arthritic Cripples

Continued from page 9

announcement of compound E's new official title: cortisone. What he didn't say was that one key reason for immediate adoption of the new name is that doctors and laymen alike have been confusing compound E with vitamin E, and that at least one unscrupulous drug firm actually relabeled its preparation "vitamin E compound."

Then five of the United States' leading arthritis experts followed each other to the rostrum and, one by one, quietly confirmed the results of the Mayo Clinic group.

Several months ago they'd been invited to the Mayo Clinic to see what cortisone could do, and each of them had left with enough of the hormone for tests on two patients. Now they were reporting their own findings, and the unanimous verdict was a go-ahead for cortisone.

Not only did the specialists check Dr. Hench's work, but they used words that are supposed to appear only in far-fetched headlines. "One of the most significant medical discoveries of our generation," "a monumental work," "the importance of this research cannot be overestimated."

Why were the experts so enthusiastic? Only 36 arthritis patients have been reported on to date, 16 of them at the Mayo Clinic, and there's a hard and fast rule in medicine that nothing is proved until it's been tried on hundreds or thousands of patients. Furthermore, rheumatoid arthritis or chronic rheumatism of the joints has been one of the most prevalent and least understood of all mankind's afflictions.

The insidious disease usually starts with inflammation and swelling in one or two joints, often in the fingers and toes, and gradually spreads to other parts of the body. Joint-surrounding tissues including bone and muscle are destroyed by a hitherto mysterious process.

Each Case Shows Improvement

Official medical statistics don't list arthritis victims separately but the U. S. has nearly three million sufferers from all rheumatic diseases and Canada 600,000. They are all ages and of both sexes.

The history of arthritis is marked by a long list of treatments that might have worked but didn't. They include cobra and bee venom (one uninvited crackpot wanted to tell how the stings of his 60,000 bees would cure the malady), penicillin, aspirin, mineral baths, vitamin D, artificial fever and psychoanalysis. These and a score of other procedures rarely bring even temporary relief. What has generally been considered the best treatment—injections of gold salts supplemented by rest and special diets—benefits only about half of the patients.

The effectiveness of cortisone takes on an even greater significance in the light of this long record of medical frustration. If the substance had worked on only half a dozen of the Mayo Clinic's 16 patients it would have aroused considerable interest. But Dr. Hench selected only severely stricken patients for whom other measures had failed, and intragluteal (into the buttocks) injections have brought "marked" or "very marked" improvement in every single case.

Now for the unhappy side of the story. You'll notice that the word "treatment" hasn't been mentioned in connection with cortisone—and there's a good reason. The hormone doesn't cure arthritis any more than insulin cures diabetes. It usually has to be administered regularly or else swollen joints and other symptoms promptly reappear.

"Treatment" means that a liberal and lifelong supply must be available to each patient, but actually there isn't enough cortisone in the world to guarantee continuing doses for even the present small group of experimental patients.

Dr. Hench and his co-workers have only about a seven-day supply of the drug at any given time—less than four tenths of an ounce. The remarkable results reported through May of this year have been obtained at an estimated cost of $350,000. One milligram (1/1,000,000 of an ounce) is worth $8.57, which means that the cost for only three weeks of treatment is about $18,000. An important weekly event at the Mayo Clinic is the arrival of a plane bringing a precious supply of the drug from the research laboratories of Merck & Company in Rahway, N.J.

Cortisone is one of the rarest and, measured in terms of dollars and human suffering, most valuable substances in the world. But the only known way of making it at present is by an intricate chemical process, the work of Dr. Kendall and Dr. Lewis H. Sarett of the Merck Company.

Since the drug can't be obtained in sufficient amounts from animal adrenal glands, it is made from desoxycholic acid or cholic acid extracted from the gall bladder bile juices of beef cattle. About 300 gall bladders furnish 65 pounds of bile, which yield three and a half pounds of the two acids. From there on it's a long process of 37 steps and more than 60 separate chemicals.

Since each intermediate product has to be checked carefully for chemical composition and purity the process may take several months. When it's all done you end up with less than five ounces of cortisone, assuming an original supply of 65 pounds of bile juices. Merck won't reveal actual production figures.

Although Squibb and other drug manufacturers are known to be developing cortisones of their own to compete with the Merck product, it may be a year or more before there's enough to treat large numbers of patients.

The big hope, of course, is for a purely synthetic process which would be independent of limited bile-acid supplies and might start with such readily available materials as acetic acid (the substance that makes vinegar sour), benzene and naphthalene, a chemical contained in moth ball compounds.

They Followed the Clues

For 20 years Dr. Hench has been arguing against the widely accepted notion that arthritis is caused by germs.

His theory was based on a set of strange facts. For one thing, arthritic women are often markedly relieved during pregnancy. Starting around the fifth week after conception pain tends to disappear and swelling of the joints subsides. Dr. Hench has seen this happen in more than 150 pregnancies, the relief always being followed by a discouraging return of symptoms after childbirth.

Since pregnancy is known to be accompanied by striking changes in the body's sex-hormone content, these changes, by the way, form the basis for pregnancy tests, Dr. Hench began to suspect that rheumatoid arthritis might be connected with the malfunctioning of a gland. But what gland? Injections of sex hormones from the ovaries and transfusions of the hormone-containing blood of pregnant women didn't help.

A further clue was that the liver disease hepatitis (infectious jaundice) also combats arthritis, and the virus-caused disease has been used experimentally as a last-resort treatment, the benefits, of course, being temporary. This fact and others hinted that the affected gland might be the adrenal, which is known to exert an influence on the liver.

Modern adrenal-gland research supports this hunch. Dr. Hans Selye and his associates at the University of Montreal have made extensive studies of the so-called alarm reaction. The adrenal glands of rats subjected to severe physical strain—such as starvation or major surgery—tend to swell, turn from a normal yellow to brown and undergo other characteristic changes. Peculiarly enough starvation and surgery may also bring marked relief to arthritis sufferers.

To explain the anti-arthritis effects of such widely differing conditions Dr. Hench assumed that they caused the body to manufacture an "anti-rheumatic substance X," which was probably an adrenal hormone. But the trip from compound X to compound E and cortisone took more than a decade and called for all Dr. Kendall's scientific ingenuity.

Each of the two small organs has a top layer of cells known as the cortex or "bark," and the yellowish fat droplets in this tissue are natural capsules packed with an arsenal of biologically

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important substances. During the past 20 years scientists have written more than 2,000 papers describing research on the contents of those tiny droplets, and to date they've found a battery of hormones that play a vital part in human metabolism. Three of these hormones, for example, help convert protein to sugar and store the final product in the liver; others regulate the body's salt and water balance.

In all, the outer cell layer or cortex of the adrenal gland contains at least 28 hormones, and cortisone is one of them. Dr. Kendall extracted less than two ounces of the natural substance from cattle adrenals in 1935, but he also isolated other hormones—and the problem was to find which, if any, was Dr. Hench's antirheumatic substance X.

Late in 1945 Merck chemists had manufactured enough compound A—another adrenal hormone which is formed as step No. 29 of the process that ends with cortisone—for preliminary tests on Addison's disease, which is caused by destruction of the adrenal cortex. But compound A failed to help and was one of the biggest disappointments of the entire Mayo Clinic project. Cortisone itself wasn't available even on its present limited basis until last fall.

Secret Not Fully Known

Dr. Hench first used cortisone on Sept. 21, 1948. The patient was a 29-year-old married woman whose joints were so stiff and swollen that she couldn't get out of bed. Her first injection consisted of 100 milligrams of the hormone (less than four thousandths of an ounce), suspended as fine crystals in a salt solution. Two days and two injections later there was no significant change and Dr. Hench was bracing himself for another disappointment.

Then things started happening. On the third day most of the patient's stiffness vanished; she was able to walk again. Before a week had passed she did three solid hours of shopping.

Another early patient, a middle-aged farmer's wife, was brought to the clinic in a wheel chair. Now she's back at home doing her daily chores. In fact almost all the case histories read like medical believe-it-or-nots. Severely disabled patients whose limbs were rigid with pain are now leading practically normal lives.

What the defeat of arthritis would mean economically is shown clearly in a survey released by the Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society of Ottawa. In 1947, 2,400,000 working days were lost by labor strikes; rheumatic-stricken workers lost 9,500,000 days' work, and $54 millions in wages. The number of days lost from work in Canada that year through rheumatic diseases equalled that of an army of 30,000 continuously employed.

Medical science has not yet fully unraveled the secret of how cortisone works.

Although it and insulin are both hormones, arthritis is not a hormone-deficiency disease like diabetes. The adrenal glands of arthritis patients pour normal quantities of the substance into the blood stream. But the cells of the muscles and other soft parts around the joints cannot utilize the vital materials, possibly because of the presence of some poison which is a close chemical relative of the hormone and "competes" with it for entry into the tissues. The Mayo Clinic injections may work by producing extra-high cortisone concentrations at the joints and thus "crowding out" the poisons.

Can cortisone itself produce harmful side reactions? This question, like a good many others, isn't going to be answered finally until more cases have been studied. Dr. Hench's first patient, the young housewife, has received doses for more than six months and has shown certain signs of minor glandular upsets. Her face, normally oval-shaped, took on more rounded contours. Also, she stopped menstruating (her periods had always been irregular). Several times the patient mysteriously gained as much as seven pounds within a few days, and lost the excess weight just as quickly.

But Dr. Hench explained that these and other evidences of hormone unbalance are "reversible"—that is, normal conditions can be restored without any permanent injury by simply halting injections for a while.

In most cases benefits last from 36 hours to three days after the injections are stopped, and a few patients stay better for longer periods (the record is four months, but in several other cases lasted two to 12 weeks). These facts indicate that in the future a little bit of the precious drug may go a longer way.

Preliminary trials indicate that cortisone and other hormones involving the adrenal gland may be effective in other diseases. Actually the Mayo Clinic research has revealed an entirely new range of medical possibilities. Rheumatoid arthritis can destroy muscles near the joints, and cortisone seems to be able to repair the damage. But muscle tissue is pretty much the same throughout the body, and since the heart itself is a highly specialized muscle it was natural to try the drug on rheumatic fever which so often causes leaking heart valves.

This disease is responsible for a third of all heart patients and is the leading cause of death among children from five to 19 years old. Three young patients have already received cortisone injections with what Dr. Hench calls "encouraging" results. The drug has also been used to relieve one case of myasthenia gravis, a debilitating muscle ailment.

The Effect on the Brain

Tests are also under way with other adrenal hormones—and another gland product of special interest. It's called ACTH (adrenocorticotrophic hormone) and comes from the pituitary organ at the base of the brain, the master gland that regulates the output of hormones throughout the body. ACTH stimulates the adrenal cortex as a whole, increasing the gland's output of cortisone as well as many other hormones. This adrenal-triggering substance is being tested on four more arthritis sufferers at the Mayo Clinic, and early results are excellent.

Both cortisone and ACTH affect the brain in some as yet unknown way—they may cause euphoria, or marked elation—and the latter chemical is being tested on mental patients at the Worcester State Hospital in Massachusetts.

Biochemists and physicians have found a gold mine in the adrenal cortex, the biggest nugget so far being cortisone. Obviously there's a lot of research to be done, not only to produce the substance in mass quantities but to explore possible treatments for several different diseases at present plaguing humanity.

But if cortisone merely fulfills its promise so far by far the most effective drug ever discovered for the treatment of arthritis one thing is almost certain—a Nobel Prize for Dr. Kendall who first isolated the hormone, and for Dr. Hench who first used it on human beings. ★

Why The Catholic Church Says "INVESTIGATE!"

Probably not more than a handful of people hate the Catholic Church as it really is.

But many have heard anti-Catholic calumnies from sources they have been taught to respect, and have come to fear and suspect the Church as it has been falsely represented to them.

It is hardly reasonable to believe that hundreds of millions of people would remain in the Catholic Church if the rumors circulated against the Church are true. Nor would thousands of others become Catholics every year if they believed such things—without inquiring into the facts.

That is why the Catholic Church says again and again to people everywhere: "Investigate! Investigate!"

The Church makes this appeal not merely to settle an argument, nor primarily to win the good-will of the non-Catholic people, although this is a hoped-for result.

Its more important aim is to invite people to inquire into Christ's truth as taught and preserved by the Catholic Church down through the centuries. For no man, seeking the salvation of his own soul, can conscientiously discount the Catholic claim to be Christ's Church on the basis of mere rumor and slander when the truth is so readily at hand.

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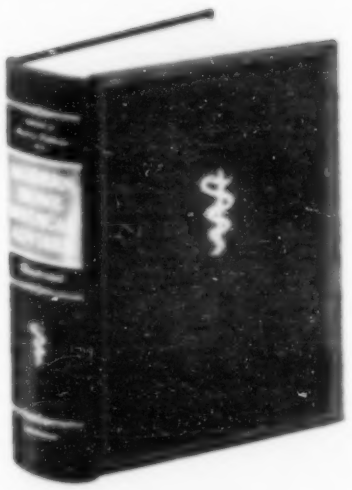

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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

Progressive Conservatives, on their side, appear to have missed a bet when they failed to make a national issue out of a pre-election incident in Windsor, Ont.

Central Mortgage and Housing Corp. had made an agreement with Windsor to increase the payments in lieu of taxes on 2,500 wartime houses there, collecting the extra money by a slight increase in rent. The new rentals were to go into effect in June. Tenants were vociferously indignant about it.

Exactly the same arrangement was made in Welland, Ont., and there too, the tenants held protest meetings. Hon. Humphrey Mitchell, Minister of Labor and M.P. for Welland, came down to one of these meetings. He told the tenants they were getting a lower rent than anyone else in town, that if the city needed more tax money it was entitled to get it, and that he had no intention of making any representations whatever at Ottawa to have the rent increase stopped.

Windsor tenants had better luck. Their M.P. is Hon. Paul Martin, Minister of National Health and Welfare. At their protest meeting they heard a letter from Mr. Martin assuring them that "Mr. Winters (the Minister responsible for housing), after a conversation I had with him, has ordered all matters of rent increases to be halted. A thorough repair job is being undertaken. When all this is done, and not before, consideration will be given to the financial matter."

Meanwhile, Ottawa's contract with Windsor is binding. The city is getting an extra $50,000 a year from Central Mortgage, even though Central Mortgage is not collecting it. Ottawa has similar tax-increase agreements with many other municipalities, the same treatment to all, across the board, would run into several millions in extra subsidies for the Government's tenants.

In the Windsor Star, usually friendly to Mr. Martin, a senior columnist said: "One hesitates to use the word 'bribery' . . . But what else is Ottawa's latest manoeuvre in regard to Windsor's veterans' housing problem?"

* * *

Canadian foreign trade in general and trade with Britain in particular, is causing more worry in Ottawa than the campaign speeches may have led you to believe. Neither party was telling the whole truth about the trade outlook, and both knew it.

Grits knew as well as Tories that in spite of the high trade figures of the past few years, and in spite of their continuance to the present moment, there's trouble ahead. Tories knew as well as Grits that the trouble can't be averted by any such simple formula as "convertibility"—which Britain had already tried two years ago and had to abandon in a hurry.

Both parties know that Canada's market in Britain is shrinking and will continue to shrink as Britain tries to balance her dollar accounts by reducing dollar purchases. Both parties know that the only way to reverse or check that trend is to increase the sale of British goods in Canada. The recent visit of Harold Wilson, President of the Board of Trade in the British Cabinet, underlined the difficulties and obstacles in the way of that solution.

Mr. Wilson went home convinced that there is no immediate hope of any large increase in sales of British consumer goods in Canada. He could see how British manufacturers could mend their ways—their packaging and style in many cases have not been adapted to Canadian preferences, their deliveries have often been so late as to be no use at all, their advertising and merchandising here have been left in many cases to incompetent agents. Mr. Wilson intends to give the manufacturers a frank and thorough scolding for all these things, and he hopes for improvements that will give Britain a better chance at the Canadian market in the long run.

But for the short run price competition in mass-produced goods is just too severe, and he expects no great change in the volume of business. Indeed Britain will have to make most of the aforementioned changes in order to hold the market she's got.

A more encouraging prospect appeared for the sale of heavy machinery in Canada. Britain at the moment has only about one per cent of the Canadian market in this field, yet Mr. Wilson found that British firms could meet the current prices. He thought there was good hope of multiplying that one per cent many times.

Canadian officials, though warmly sympathetic, are not quite so optimistic. They see two obstacles in the path of British heavy machinery here.

One is the lack of a technical service staff. Canadians are wary of buying machines for which it's difficult to get spare parts, and impossible to get the kind of maintenance service which North American manufacturers provide. Before Britain could compete on equal terms in the Canadian market she'd have to do more than meet North American prices—she'd also have to establish a technical staff and a chain of supply bases for spare parts right across the country. This is a big job.

The other difficulty facing British exporters is the fact that Canada's industrial investment boom has been going on for four years at the highest level in history. It will probably continue through the present year, it may even last through 1950 (though economists doubt it). But sooner or later the investment boom will end. Britain has already missed a huge proportion of this Canadian business. It's doubtful whether she could get into the market soon enough now to get much of a share of it.

The danger is that, rather, deflation and recession will hit both countries. Canadians will want to buy even less from Britain, leaving Britain even fewer dollars to buy even less from Canada, and so on down the vicious deflationary spiral. No government will find it easy to break that trend.

* * *

The next development in Canadian immigration policy is likely to be a further refinement of the selective principle. The idea is to bring in workers not by the hundreds or thousands for particular industries, but individual skilled artisans to meet the individual needs of particular communities.

The plan is still young, hasn't yet gone into full operation. However experimental work is being carried out along these lines:

An immigration department settlement service would make a close survey of a given region—perhaps a whole province, perhaps just a handful of towns. They would gather this kind of information: Jonesville, population 1,000, needs a bakery, a blacksmith, a shoemaker, a doctor and a dentist. Smithville, population 1,300, needs a small cannery.

Already enough work has been done to reveal a surprising number of those shortages of skills and enterprises in smaller communities. Once the machinery is set up here Canada already has facilities in Europe to fill such "retail" orders for human skill. ★

Cross Country

BRITISH COLUMBIA

ARE RODEOS cruel to animals? The 14,000 Vancouver people who stormed the opening day of the Marpole Rotary Club's Stampede evidently didn't think so. 10,000 had to be turned away. Neither did Herman Linder, the stampede manager and former world champion cowboy. Rodeos injure more men than animals, he explained.

But the SPCA disagreed, and so did Magistrate McInnes. On the second to last day of the week-long show the SPCA laid two charges against Mr. Linder and two cowboys. By the time the cases were heard the cowboys had left town, but the magistrate fined Linder on one charge: fined him $100 or 30 days on the other. Mr. McInnes commended the SPCA, had some harsh things to say about the bucking events.

"I have to say that the very basis of that performance is cruelty, because the horse has to be in a condition of pain in order to give that performance and he is tormented and infuriated to that condition so he will give that performance by these straps that are put upon him and by the continual . . . I say continual spurring that is insisted upon. The suggestion that these things are done simply as a little tickling that would excite him is insulting the intelligence of the court."

THE PRAIRIES

Oil has brought more than money to Alberta (see "Edmonton: A Boom at the Crossroads," page 12). It has also brought people. According to an estimate by Imperial Oil, 43,000 people connected with the oil industry have moved into the province in the last three years.

* * *

Alberta's new-found oil wealth has revived talk of the $25-a-month dividend for every adult in the province which the Social Credit Government promised when it first took power in 1935. But this would cost approximately $12 millions a month, which is more than the province estimates it will collect from royalties and leases during all of 1949-50—$11 millions.

Members of the Legislature are collecting a little on account, though. They raised their own sessional indemnities from $2,000 to $3,000, cabinet ministers from $7,800 to $10,000 and Premier Manning's to $12,000.

* * *

Saskatchewan, under a Socialist government, is out to get business to come in and settle down. The province has launched a year-long survey of every town of more than 500 people to learn its industrial prospects. When the study is complete the province hopes to be able to tell enquiring manufacturers such data as the tax rates in Kinistino, the raw materials available at Kerrobert, who runs the sawmill at Melfort, what the power supply and cost is at Duck Lake and the state of police and fire protection at Yorkton.

* * *

Winnipeggers rather glory in the charge that they are the world's worst jaywalkers: they take a sporting interest in playing tag with automobiles across their broad main streets.

When Toronto recently enforced its jaywalking bylaw some Winnipeg aldermen thought the time had come to make their citizens see the light—the red and green.

The police were against it. Reason: some traffic lights were at angles where the pedestrians can't see them, even if they did want to pay attention to them. It will be another year at least before new signals can be installed. It's still open season for pedestrians in Winnipeg.

* * *

The western oil fever has reached the Souris valley in Manitoba, near the Saskatchewan border, where tests last year by Standard Oil of California indicated possible oil-bearing strata.

To Oscar S. Knisley, a Canadian-born New Orleans oilman who had once farmed in that part of Manitoba, Standard's explorations gave a hint of a possible major oil strike. Mr. Knisley formed a company and sewed up 100,000 acres of oil leases between the town of Souris and the Saskatchewan boundary. Mr. Knisley said his company had brought drilling equipment from Texas to begin its search.

ONTARIO

It was a dismal spring for fruit growers in the Niagara Peninsula. First they had June frosts. Then came a searing drought, the worst in the memory of Ontario farmers. There was only one wry consolation—there'd be that much less fruit for the starlings to eat.

The starling was imported into North America from Europe about a century ago. It took them 75 years to discover the Niagara orchards, but every season since they have feasted on fruits in season. When a flock of several thousand descends on a cherry orchard or vineyard the grower is lucky if he is not ruined. Shotguns, traps, stuffed owls, acetylene gas exploders: the starling is scared by none of them.

The growers are afraid the starlings will get worse. The Ontario Agricultural College and the Vineland Experimental Station haven't found anything that will limit their numbers, appetite or effrontery.

"At Kingsville, Ont., starlings are so numerous they darken the sky," Howard Fisher, fruit grower of Queenston, reported. "If those flocks ever move to the Niagara Peninsula we might as well give up."

* * *

Like the salesman taking refrigerators to the Eskimos or oil burners to the Congo, Ernest Nusbaumer of Belgium arrived at the International Trade Fair in Toronto with—of all things—hockey sticks.

The last laugh was Mr. Nusbaumer's. He sold plenty of sticks of long-grained Belgian ash. One order alone was for 6,000.

QUEBEC

What does the tourist really think of Montreal? Last year the young men's section of the Board of Trade flooded hotels, stations, airports and motor camps with questionnaires. This spring they announced the answers.

The visitors liked Montreal's friendliness and the courtesy of shop girls and waitresses. But many objected to high prices, many more to the lack of parking space. More than half of them kicked at Montreal's traffic jams.

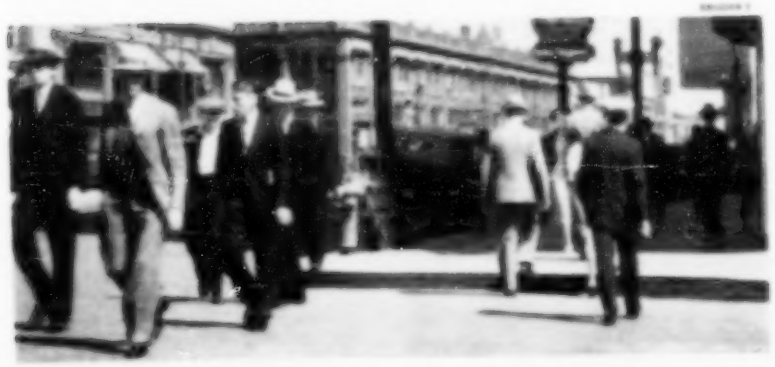
Nevertheless, nine out of 10 said they wanted to come again.

THE MARITIMES

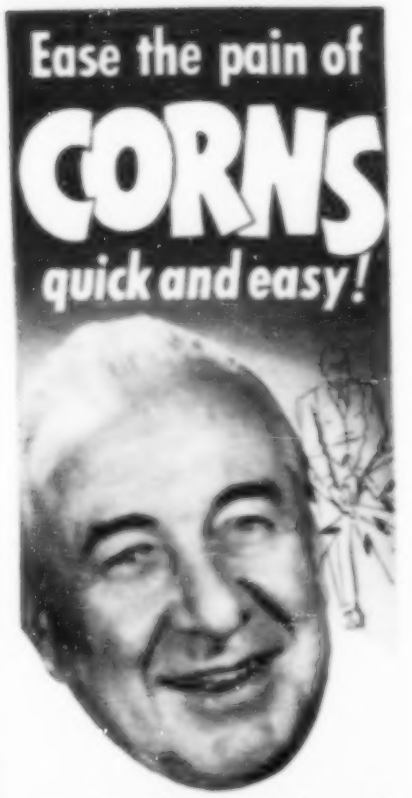
Sam Andrews of Shippegan, N.B., knows 50 ways to cook oysters, including how to fry them without getting them tough (the secret: dip them in batter, freeze them hard, then cook them in deep fat for three minutes).

Mr. Andrews is a farmer—the biggest oyster farmer in Canada. In 25 watery acres he plants and grows oysters for three seafood restaurants he operates in Montreal.

Mr. Andrews, an elderly Englishman, got into submarine agriculture when he was a cook in a hotel at St. Andrews, N.B. In his off days he haunted the Fisheries Biological Board's experimental station on the Bay of Fundy and learned from the biologists what makes an oyster grow fat and happy. Then he leased a few underwater acres, seeded them with oysters, quit his job and opened the first of his restaurants. His Montreal chain now includes Chez Pauze, the oldest fish house in Canada, which has numbered among its patrons Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Louis St. Laurent and Mayor Houde. ★



Police aren't ready to reform Winnipeg jaywalkers (see Prairies).



Ease corn torture with Blue-Jay Soft, Dura-felt pad eases shoe pressure pain. Supercaine* deadens surface soreness. Gentle medication loosens hard core — in a few days you lift it out. Get corn relief now with Blue-Jay Corn Plasters.

*Reg. in Canada. Ciba's brand of Dibucaine.

BLUE JAY (BAUER & BLACK)

Division of the Kendall Company (Canada) Limited, Toronto, Ontario

NAUSEA due to high altitudes, speed and sudden changes, relieved with MOTHERSILL'S AIRSICK REMEDY. Helps to control organs of balance. Quiets the nerves. THEY WORK TOGETHER

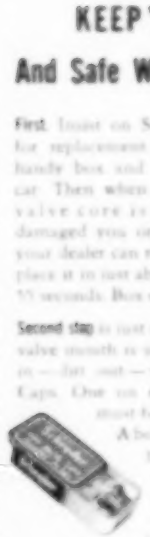
DON'T GET CAUGHT WITH YOUR TIRES DOWN!

KEEP 'EM UP

And Safe With SCHRADER

First, insist on Schrader Valve Cores for replacement. Buy them in the handy box and keep them in your car. Then when a valve core is damaged you or your dealer can replace it in just about 55 seconds. Box of 5 only 45c

Second step is just as simple. Be sure the valve mouth is sealed tight. Keep air in — dirt out — with Schrader Valve Caps. One on every tire valve is a must for maximum mileage.



A box of five in your car so that lost caps can be replaced immediately is your "plump tire insurance" that costs just 35c

Next step. Take ten seconds per tire to be sure. Proper tire inflation is so necessary to the safety and comfort of your ride as well as the life of your tires that you should make it a permanent checking a regular habit. And a Schrader Gauge gives such an accurate, fast, easy to read answer to your question — "how much pressure?" — that its low cost will repay you over and over.

$1.01

The "unexpected" always happens. And when you are let down with a soft tire you'll be happier with a Schrader Spark Plug Tire Pump. Easy to use, it is positive in action. Just remove one spark plug and insert pump. Perk up a soft tire in a few seconds while your engine idles and run idle tire. Take the aches out of bad breaks with a Schrader Spark Plug Tire Pump—The engine works—you don't. Complete with gauge—

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Scovill Manufacturing Company

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World's largest Manufacturer of Tire Valves, Gauges and Accessories

"I don't care how crazy you are, you'll have to leave your horse outside!"

WIT AND WISDOM

History and Women Repeat Themselves—Women in the Middle Ages
Used powder and paint, no historians say.
Women still use powder and paint
In the middle ages today.—*Galt Reporter.*

Nice for Both of Them—A co-educational school is an institution in which students of either sex can study each other.—*Calgary Herald.*

Room With Board—A Toronto man who turned in a false alarm told the police he was worried because he didn't have a home. He has stopped worrying.—*Trail Daily Times.*

Heart Stops—A surgeon believes it eventually will be possible to stop the human heart and then start it again. Kids have been doing that to parents for ages.—*London Free Press.*

In Most Places—Most women not only keep their girlish figures—they double them.—*Niagara Falls Review.*

No Strikes—Just Eire's—World's longest strike—against an Irish pub—is still on after 10 years. Nonsense. The world's longest strike is Ireland herself.—*Windsor Star.*

Ancient Corn—Harvard archaeologists have found kernels of corn in Mexico estimated to be 4,000 years old. A further search might have unearthed some well-seasoned radio jokes.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

Your Shroud Is Showing—Of all the styles that women have,
The one that's worst by far
Is slowly stepping backward
Off a swiftly moving car.—*Guelph Mercury.*

Plane Living—In Philadelphia an airplane mechanic bought a discarded transport plane, cut off the tail, boarded up the ends and set up living quarters for his family.—*Calgary Herald.*

Recipe for Mendacity—Factors responsible for lying, with their relative percentage weights: Egotism, 75; courtesy, 10; fear, 10; rank cussedness, 5.—*Kitchener-Waterloo Record.*

Self - Explanatory—"Mummy, why do some people object to having children in their house?" asked little Elsie.

"I don't know," her mother answered sharply, "and I can't be bothered with such things now. Go and see what baby's crying about, tell Billy to stop aiming that catapult at the ornaments on the mantelpiece, make Betty and Alec stop sliding down the banisters, and tell Willie if he doesn't stop blowing that trumpet I'll take it away from him."—*Welland-Port Colborne Tribune.*

Ant Anecdote—Two ants were running like the wind across a cracker box.

"Say, for Pete's sake," puffed one of them at last, "what are we running so fast for?"

"Can't you read?" asked the other ant. "It says right here 'Tear along the dotted line.' "—*Montreal Star.*

The Why of the Pie—Two workmen sat down to eat their lunch, and one began unwrapping a parcel about 18 or 20 inches long.

"What's that?" asked his friend.

"Well, my wife is away so I made a pie for myself."

"A bit long, isn't it?"

"Of course it's long. It's rhubarb."—*Calgary Albertan.*

On Condition—Joan had been naughty. When her mother was putting her to bed she said, "When you say your prayers, Joan, ask God to make you a good girl tomorrow."

With an enquiring glance Joan said, "Why? What's on tomorrow?"—*Windsor Star.*

WILFIE **By JAY WORK**

MAILBAG

Besides, It Is Not Even In Kingston, Says Reader

Your magazine first came to my attention while overseas and, frankly, before that time I didn't figure Maclean's was up to much in comparison to the type of better magazine we receive from the U. S. Now I will go so far to say that Maclean's can hold its own with any American periodical of the same type, and in most cases is far above them in terms of quality, particularly so in the field of articles. I am a Canadian doing graduate work in an American university, and at times get enquiries from my American friends about Canada. It is difficult to give a picture of Canada in a few phrases, so I have acquired the habit of giving them one of my back copies of Maclean's as something that is typically Canadian. They have been impressed in terms of the calibre of the magazine, and the insight it gives them into the nature of Canada, the country and its people.—J. C. Chisholm, Los Angeles.

She Saved Bouquet for a Friend

Having always been an avid reader of your Maclean's, up until now I have never found anything to disagree on

except the June 1 cover by Oscar Cahen. According to the couple's dress it was a swanky wedding, so by tradition the bride should have left the flowers with one of her faithful attendants.

Am I right or wrong?—Alan D. Rowe, Toronto.

Brummell Picture Stopped Him

If you are going to persist in printing pictures like the one on page 12 of May 1 Maclean's Magazine you can keep my copy in your office. I have renewed my subscription to the paper for two years, but I don't want it with pictures like that in it. They are most hideous and repulsive. I haven't read the article and don't intend to.—H. M. Harrison, Saskatoon, Sask.

We Like Kingston, Too

Just read your May 15 issue and have a big beef about an aspersion cast upon Kingston by Roy Gardner.

Just what does he mean by "graduate of Kingston"? Is it of R.M.C. or Queen's University he was thinking? Or the pen?

It's about time he and others of his ilk faced that fact that Kingston has nothing whatsoever to do with the "house on the hill." In fact the hotel is not even in Kingston but in Portsmouth. The place is a Government institution, run from Ottawa, for those wayward B.T.O.'s who got that way from living in the big cities.—Chas. E. Pearson, Kingston, Ont.

One Such Case in Canada

"Until You Are Dead" ends with the emphatic statement "In Canada there are no such cases."

Albert Victor Westgate was convicted of the murder of Charlotte Adams in Winnipeg, on Nov. 16, 1928. He appealed and a new trial was ordered and he was again convicted on March 22, 1929. Shortly before he was to be hanged on June 25, 1929, his sentence was commuted and he was confined to Stony Mountain Penitentiary for about 13 years.

He was paroled in 1942 or 1943 and on May 8, 1944, was convicted of the murder of Grace Edith Cook in Winnipeg. He was hanged for this murder in 1944.—Glenn Cousley.

● Have just finished reading your splendid article "Until You Are Dead" by Fred Bodsworth. I am very glad you are able to put out such progressive, thoughtful reading. It is a splendid thing for Canadians to read.

I enjoy many of your educational articles, such as "They Died for 7 Cents a Day" by Dr. McClure; "Uncle Sam's Iron Curtain" by Blair Fraser; "Mazo of Jalna"; also all the medical articles including "Is it Adultery?" It is good to inform the public of the truth of what is taking place and we can form our own opinion.

I think Maclean's the best magazine in which to find both sides of world problems. That's what we want.—Mrs. J. Allan Hall, Simcoe, Ont.

● I suggest that perhaps the author of "Until You Are Dead" has not looked at the problem quite squarely. He says capital punishment "violates the sanctity of human life." Would not just the converse be the truth that it gives just expression to that sanctity? Sanctity of any surely lies with the innocent victim.

Again while he dilates on the agonies of the dying criminal in certain cases one observes that he never gives any pictures of the agonies of the criminal's victim(s).

These are samples of what I mean when I suggest that this article seems to me to be seriously "pro-criminal."—Rev. Norman Caswell, London, Ont.

● My congratulations for your printing of Fred Bodsworth's article, "Until You Are Dead." This is the type of article which can do much to revive our respect for the public press.—E. P. Collier, Calgary, Alta.

No dull, hard "Summer-hair" for men who use the **Vitalis** "60-Second Workout"

Scorching sun and drenching water can kill the healthy lustre of your hair. This summer, keep your hair healthier, handsomer with Vitalis. Vitalis leaves your hair looking so well groomed, so natural—not obviously slicked. Vitalis will never embarrass you with blobs of grease or streaks of whitish film. Vitalis contains only fine vegetable oil to condition your hair—to keep it soft.

Try the Vitalis "60-Second Workout".
50 seconds to massage—10 seconds to comb. Vitalis stimulates as no non-alcoholic dressing can. It routs loose dandruff. Helps check excessive falling hair. Get Vitalis today!

For men who **care** for their hair.

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"No dull days with me . . .
I always have a **NUGGET** shine"

BLACK, OX-BLOOD AND ALL SHADES OF BROWN!

2-49

DID YOU "NUGGET" YOUR SHOES THIS MORNING?

CASH AND PRIZES FOR YOU FROM YOUR SPARE TIME!

Would you like $15.00 or more a week for your spare time? And in addition, would you like to have your choice of dozens of beautiful prizes such as those illustrated?

WE NEED HELP!

Normally, our regular agents can handle the volume of magazine subscription orders received from the public. This year, however, we have found that we need many extra part-time representatives to help us keep up with the terrific demand for all types of publications, Canadian, American and British.

Here is a wonderful opportunity for you! The financial possibilities are actually unlimited, depending only on the time and effort that you put into this interesting work! You will be your own "boss" and may work when and as you please!

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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

COURTENAY, B.C., is the home of an independent citizen who owns a large mobile machine known as a gravel loader, which he keeps busily at work in various gravel pits around the district. So far as its owner is concerned, this is a device primarily intended to dig gravel and load it on to trucks, but so far as the law is concerned when the gravel loader goes trundling off on its own power from job to job, it comes under the motor vehicles licensing requirements. Everybody in town knew the chap had already had one or two brushes with the law on this point when, to the delight of the citizenry, the gravel loader was recently observed rolling down the street once again. It was traveling under its own power as usual—but its owner was gravely pacing ahead of it, pulling hard on a piece of twine tied to the front of the machine.

• • •

You can be hauled up on a lot of specialized charges in Victoria, which, while apt, are unheard of elsewhere in the country. According to the Vancouver Province, at any rate, a Victoria motorist was sentenced to seven days in jail recently on a charge of gintoxication.

• • •

A Torontonian who moved to Montreal not long ago has stopped feeling like a stranger in town. He

has decided he now qualifies as a permanent resident since he boarded a one-man streetcar the other night on his way home from work when he was accosted by the motorman.

"They just switched me from another run," explained the motorman with a helpless look. "Could you show me where I'm supposed to go?"

The new resident proudly guided the poor fellow stop by stop along the route, at least as far as the passenger was going. Before debarking he told the motorman how to get to the end of the run and received the driver's warmest thanks. "I only hope I can get back downtown all right!" exclaimed the streetcar man fervently as he started off on his own.

• • •

One of the hazards constantly faced by news photographers everywhere is that the standard press camera has an extra high-speed shutter at the back of the camera, directly in front of the film although for

normal purposes this remains open and the cameraman uses only the clicker up front. There probably isn't a photographer in the world who hasn't had at least one black moment in his career when he plunged into the dark room and came out a few minutes later with a perfectly blank film, thanks to some gremlin having left that shutter closed. Well, it happened not long ago to photographer Jack Stollery of the St. Thomas Times-Journal, and it happened, of all days, on the day of the opening ball game. He banged away at the Mayor pitching the first ball, and all the thrilling plays that followed, and for his afternoon's work got exactly nothing. The thing that set photographer Stollery apart from other unfortunate cameramen is that he had a sympathetic editor who ran his picture anyway—one large, solid black square in best position on the sports page, credit line and all.

• • •

It's those parking meters again, and this time their victim was an otherwise law-abiding citizen in Calgary who couldn't get used to the things at all. He was getting off the other morning on his third trip to police court within a few weeks, muttering and spluttering to himself, when his 18-year-old son looked up casually from his breakfast and commented. "Maybe you could open a charge account, Pop."

***Parade** pays $5 to $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.*

"ENEMY IN WHITE"

CANADIANS aren't afraid of snow. They recognize it, in most of its phases, as a friend—a blanket of protection over fields and pastures—a boon to winter sports.

But every so often there comes a snow that is no longer friendly. Howling down from the north, it sweeps across the prairie, piling drifts to the roof-tops of farm buildings, burying highways, isolating communities.

Then, as in so many emergencies, the call goes out for bulldozers. "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors and Dozers are rushed into service. The big yellow machines buck through mountainous drifts, opening roads, bringing relief to desperate families and starved, half-frozen cattle. The men who operate them work for days and nights without rest, and neither they nor the dozers falter till the job is done.

When disaster strikes—in the form of blizzard or flood—or fire—you'll find the big Diesels and their heroic drivers in the thick of the fight.

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

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WHEN YOU THINK OF SNOWBOUND ROADS, THINK OF THE BIG YELLOW MACHINES THAT OPEN THEM

ENGINES
TRACTORS
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Lunch Refreshed . . . Have a Coca-Cola

A picnic's fun! Just find a cool spot, spread the lunch and serve delicious ice-cold Coca-Cola. With the picnic cooler, it's so convenient. Stock it with Coke, pack it with ice, and you can be sure you'll be a refreshing host.

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Coca-Cola
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Ask for it either way. Both trade-marks mean the same thing.